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Columbus.

—Pale mariners, mute craftsmen, oh! speed
your strange task well,
Fit your slender caravals for the shoreless western
swell—
Fit your slender caravals to follow you stately
stranger,
To seek new worlds thro' wilderness of waves and
trackless danger;
To brave unknown sea-monsters' wrath and sea-
maids' fatal wile,
To seek Cathay, forsooth, and rich Cipango's dis-
tant isle,
And who this man, in speech and gesture simple
as a child—
But stern by times, as suits sea-roamer, planner
of such day-dreams wild?
The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts gray,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly
ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of
pride;
But where are their crews, our lost kinsmen,
who shall
Embark before noon in each doomed caraval?
There's wringing of hands and wailing and woe,
As the gathering crowds to the churches go—
As the seamen enter, and onward press
Where the friars are standing to shrive and
confess;
And as they come out, redoubles the rout
Along the streets and shore—
For maidens are there with dishevelled hair,
And matrons with sobbing sobs;
But for Alonso Pinzon's band,
Never that day had they left the land.
But hush, what deep stillness creeps over the
crowd?
What Stranger is this striding stately and
proud?
Erect in his figure, his grey eyes bare,
And his bronzed cheek channelled by thought
or care.
They open before him, but as he passes
One yell bursts forth from the spell-bound
masses—
One long, long yell of hate and rage,
With curses from manhood, and childhood, and
age.
Ah! how they curse him—his bronzed cheek
flushes,
And haughtiest scorn to his proud eye rushes—
They curse him, but still that rabble yell
Grew faint on each lip, when his stern glance
fell.
One moment only his passion grows,
One moment only his broad sword glows;
One moment only they stand defied
By his heart of flame and his lip of pride;
Onward he passed, nor heard nor heeded
The shouts that still each shout succeeded—
Away, away, in thought he flies
To far off regions and tropic skies,
To realms more gorgeous in gems and gold
Than Marco Polo ever told.
To unbroken oceans and virgin isles—
And musing, the grey eye lights and smiles.
A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's
walls—
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's
halls—
The old grandees of Arragon, the knights of proud
Castile,
Soft Andalusia's beauty, and rough Biscay's man-
hood leal,
All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway
for mankind—
Thro' seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his tri-
umphant mind;
The king and queen will grace, forsooth, the
mariner's array—
The lonely seaman scoffed and scorned in Palos
town that day.
He comes, he comes, the gates swing wide, and
through the streets advance
His cavalcade, in proud parade, with plume and
pennoned lance,
And natives of those new-found worlds and treas-
ures all untold—
And in the midst the Admiral, his charger trapped
with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the glad some
clarion's swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud
the myriads yell—
They cheer—that mob—they wildly cheer—
For mankind's his rein,
And bend him to the beauteous dames and caval-
liers of Spain,
And bends him to the people, too, but thoughtful
is his smile,
And mid their cheers, as calm his glance as mid
their rage erewhile.

G. H. S.

THE CONSCRIPT.

CHAPTER I.

The sun of early Spring rose brightly in a cloudless sky, and, like the face of God himself, smiled over all creation, saying to Nature, "Up from your sleep! the Winter is gone! Return to life and rejoice in my presence!" Still, very few flowers seemed as yet to have responded to the reviving summons; yet here and there the daisy might be seen hanging out its silvery bells, and the wood-anemone displaying its earliest blossoms.

Two small mud-built cottages, solitary and apparently forgotten, stood side by side, basking in the joyous rays, not far from the wood of Zoersel. In one of them dwelt a poor widow, with her only daughter, whose entire possession in this world consisted of a cow. In the other was a widow also, whose household was composed of her aged father and two boys, one of whom was approaching manhood. The inhabitants of the latter cottage were richer than their neighbors, for they owned an ox as well as a cow, and farmed a great deal more land. Still, the dwellers in these two huts—for they were nothing but huts—had for many years formed a united family, loving each other with mutual affection and aiding one another in every possible way. John and his ox worked the land of the lonely widow, while Kate brought forage for the cattle, drove them to pasture, and helped her neighbors at harvest, without either ever thinking who did most for the other.

Simple, honest, and ignorant of all that was going on in the tumult of human society, they lived peacefully on the morsel of brown bread which God gave them. Their world was confined within very narrow limits. On one side they had the village, with its humble church, and on the other the wide heath and a boundless horizon. Still, everything about these isolated hovels was radiant with contentment; joy and happiness were abundant within them, and the poor cottagers would not have exchanged their lot for one which might have seemed more beneficent.

The magic wand of love had spread its charm over these hovels! John and Kate loved each other, though they did not know it, with that timid, unexpressed passion which makes the heart beat at the least excitement—which reddens the brow when the most trifling word is spoken, and transforms our lives into a long and blissful dream of blue skies, sparkling stars, and universal happiness.

Poor people! they never thought of the great folks swarming in cities; they asked nothing from them, and, hoping that they would return the favor, lived on in contented poverty, full of confidence and hope! But one day the trial came, and the blood-tax was demanded in these huts! The only young man who dwelt in them and who had strength and skill to work the ungrateful soil must draw lots like the rest, and become a soldier if his hand should be so unlucky as to touch the fatal number! If fortune be against him, he must bid a long and painful farewell to his fields, his mother, his beloved, and—perhaps for years, perhaps forever—expose himself to all the hardships, temptations, and miseries of a military life!

It was a sad day in the month of March, 1833, marked by his mother in her almanac by a black cross, when John Braems set out for Brecht, with ten of his village companions, to draw lots for the conscription. Both the mothers and little Paul knelt before an image of the Virgin and prayed for divine help, while the old grandfather tottered about till he stopped on the door-sill, and, clinging for support to the branches of a vine, fixed his eyes on the earth as if

looking into a grave. Kate stood in the stable beside the cow, motionless as a statue, gazing wistfully into the animal's eyes, as if seeking consolation even from a dumb beast. A heavy silence hung like a pall over the two cottages, and was only now and then interrupted by the lowing of the ox.

At last the old man stirred from his dejected posture, and, seizing his heavy cane, called to Kate:

"Come, my child," said he, "let's not lose heart! God will aid us in our trial. It must be time for them to be on their way back; let us go out to meet them."

Kate followed John's grandfather into the path which passed in front of the hut and led to the village; and, although the young girl was extremely impatient to learn the issue, a leaden weight seemed to clog her willing footsteps. The old man turned when he saw her lagging behind; and, remarking her downcast eyes and pallid cheeks, took her hand, as he compassionately said,

"Poor child, how much you must love poor John! He's not your brother, and yet you are even more grieved than we are. But cheer up, Kate, for you don't know yet what God has decided!"

"Alas! I fear—" said Kate, sighing and trembling, as she strove to pierce the woods with her anxious gaze.

"Fear?" replied the old man, striving to discover what had alarmed his companion.

"Yes! yes!" said Kate, sobbing, and covering her eyes with her apron. "It's all over. The lot has fallen on him!"

"How do you know that? You make me tremble!" said grandfather, anxiously.

"Kate pointed with her finger toward the distance beyond the trees.

"There, behind the wood. Listen!"

"I don't hear anything. Come, let us get on; if it is the conscripts, so much the better!"

"Oh God! oh God!" cried the girl, "I hear a voice—so sad, so sad!—it falls on my ear like a death-cry!"

The old man stood still a moment, gazing anxiously at Kate, who seemed listening to distant sounds. He, too, turned his ear in the same direction, to discover, if possible, what voice broke the silence of the plain, and suddenly a radiant smile overspread his face, as he said, "Silly girl! it's nothing but the breeze moaning in the forest!"

"No! no! grandfather, that's not it; it's farther on—farther on, on the other side of the wood. Don't you hear that moaning sound?"

After listening again for a moment, the old man answered, "Now I understand exactly what you hear! It's old Nicholas' dog howling for the dead. His wife must have died last night, for she received extreme unction yesterday. May God have mercy on her soul!"

Kate, who, in her anxiety and excitement, had mistaken the dog's howl for a human wail, confessed her error, and wiping the tears which were constantly starting in her eyes, mended her pace and followed the old man, who continued chatting as they proceeded.

"Kate," said he, "if you give way so, what will his mother do, and what will become of his poor old grandfather? We have raised him by the sweat of our brows; we have loved him as the apple of our eye; and now that we are old and broken, and when he ought to be spared to work for us, if God has not let a guardian angel guide his hand, he must become a soldier and leave us in misery!"

"Ah! that's nothing, grandfather," said Kate, with a little reproachfulness in the tone. "I have arms too, and if you can't

do it any more, I can drive the ox and do the hard work. But he, John—oh! the poor fellow!—to hear nothing but swearing and blaspheming; to be flogged and put in prison; to suffer hunger and thirst, and to wear himself out with grief, like poor Paul, whom they finished in four months! And then, too, he will never see any of those who always loved him,—neither you, nor his mother, nor his little brother, nor—nor—nor—nor—anybody else, but those coarse, wicked soldiers!"

"Don't talk so, Kate," said the old man, in a changed voice. "Your words pain me! Why grieve so bitterly? You sob and tremble as if you had no doubt of his illness, while I have a presentiment that all has turned out right. I trust in God's goodness!"

A scarcely perceptible smile flitted across the girl's face, though she said nothing, and the pair continued to walk on to the village. Numbers of people were grouped together along the highway on which the conscripts had to return from Brecht, all impatient to hear the return of the drawing; and it was easy to distinguish among them those who had a son or a brother involved in the decision. In one group a mother might be seen wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; in another, a father striving to disguise the agony that, in spite of all efforts, displayed itself on his face. Many who came thither from curiosity alone spoke and joked in loud voices. An old blacksmith, who had served in the dragons under Napoleon, was extravagant in his praise of a soldier's life, and found an ardent supporter in the miller's drunken son, who had served a twelvemonth and then came home to devour his patrimony in sloth and idleness. The smith, however, was not unkind in his motives, for he imagined that the brilliant colors in which he painted a military campaign would console and quiet the anxious friends who surrounded him.

"Every day soup and meat," said he, "and plenty of money, with good beer and pretty girls! Then they drink, dance, fight and frolic, till they knock one another into pieces! That's a life for you! You never saw the like, and know nothing about it."

But his words had a different effect on the listeners, for they only made the conscripts' relatives and friends more anxious and fearful. Poor Kate, in fact, could not contain herself; for there was a careless word in these jokes that wounded her heart to such a degree that, no sooner had the blacksmith finished, than she sprang in front of him, and, shaking her finger, exclaimed—

"Fie! you old vagabond! You'd have them become drunkards like yourself, I suppose; or idlers, like the rest of the fellows who have learned nothing while they were soldiers but to lead wicked lives and put their parents under the ground!"

At this the miller's son flew into a violent passion, and was about breaking out in gross abuse of the daring girl, when, at that moment, a cry was heard from the other side of the road:—

"There they come! there they come!"

In the distance, at a turn of the road, the conscripts were seen approaching the village rapidly, singing and shouting for joy till they awakened the echoes. Some of them threw their hats and caps in the air, in token of delight; while the whole crowd behaved like a bevy of drunkards returning at nightfall from a fair. Still, in the multitude of wayfarers, an observer could not yet distinguish those who were singing joyfully and those who moved along in disappointment.

From the moment of the announcement of their approach, the friends and relatives

who had been loitering in the village set forth in a hurry to meet them. Grandfather as quickly as the rest, though Kate, in her anxiety, almost dragged him by the hand. At length, finding it impossible to restrain her impatience, when she beheld a number of mothers embracing their sons and brothers, the ardent girl broke from the dotard and ran forward with eagerness. Half-way from the spot whence she started, she was observed to stop suddenly as if shot, and stagger to the roadside till she grasped the trunk of a tree for support.

The old man came up with her as soon as he possibly could, and observing her posture and tears, anxiously inquired:

"Isn't John there, that you stop, Kate?"

"Oh God! I shall die!" cried Kate, "See—see him coming along yonder, behind the rest, pale as a sheet, with his eyes on the earth! Look at him, grandfather!"

"Perhaps he's overcome with joy, Kate!" said the old man, striving to calm himself as well as his companion.

"How happy you are, grandfather, not to have good eyes!"

As Kate uttered this last remark, John walked slowly up to the old man, while the girl hid her sobbing face against the tree, and exhibiting a number on a slip of paper, said, with quivering lips, "Father, I have had bad luck!" Then going straight to Kate, he halted as if transfixed, looked at her a moment, and burst into tears.

He could not utter another word, for his voice stuck in his throat, nor could his grandfather speak, but quietly fixed his eyes on the ground as the tears stole down his brown and wrinkled cheeks.

"My poor mother! my poor mother!" sobbed John, after a repose of some moments had in some degree restored his self command. These words seemed to work a complete revolution in the soul of the maiden, who was a noble and courageous girl. As long as doubt mastered her, she wept like a child, but the moment that a certainty of misfortune became manifest, her soul rose with the occasion; duty overcame grief, and she recovered the moral energy that was part of her beautiful character.

"John, my friend," said she, turning to him calmly, "God has decided this matter, and who can fight against his will? You will be with us a year yet, before your service commences, and perhaps something may turn up. Let me get home before you, so that I may inform my mother; for I am sure that if anybody else told her she would die!"

With this she quitted the high-road, and striking into a wood-path, disappeared from the group.

The old man and the unfortunate conscript continued along the road and passed through the village. They heard the sounds of rejoicing and the wails of grief, but they were too much absorbed in their own sufferings to attend to the happiness or misery of others.

As they approached the humble cottages Kate and the two mothers advanced to meet them. John cast a glance of gratitude at the girl, as he saw that she had been the messenger of peace, and, opening wide his arms, received the author of his being on his bosom, where she wept long and bitterly.

The shock was rude, the emotion almost insupportable; but stout hearts overcome despair, and, by degrees, a serious calm was once more re-established in the cottages.

CHAPTER II.

The parting hour has struck! A handsome youth, with a staff on his shoulder and a bundle at the end of it, stands in front of the huts. His eyes, which are generally so full of animation, wander listlessly around him; his face is calm, and everything denotes self command, yet his heart beats violently, and his burdened bosom heaves and struggles with its load of grief. His mother holds one of his hands in her's, and lavishes every mark of

affection on him; she does not weep, but her sunburnt cheeks quiver with the effort she is making to disguise her anguish. At times she even smiles, to console and sustain her child; but the forced and painful effort to appear calm is even sadder than the most heartrending wail!

The other poor widow is busy quieting John's little brother, and in endeavoring to make him believe that the young soldier will soon be back again; but the boy, with the instinctive quickness of childhood, has long since learned, from the grief that oppressed the household for a year, that this separation is a terrible misfortune, and now refuses to be consoled. Within the cottage, Kate and grandfather are making the last preparations for departure, in the shape of an abundant supply of homely fare; and at length, when all is ready, they go forth with the simple provisions and join the group around John.

The stable-door is open, and the ox looks mournfully at his master, lowering sadly from time to time, as if the poor beast understood what was about to happen.

All is ready, and he must go! He presses his mother's hand with a closer grasp, and advances a step; but he casts his eyes once more around the familiar scene, takes in, with an affectionate look, the hovel that sheltered his cradle, the plain and woods that witnessed his infant sports, and the sterile land that had been watered by his sweat! His humid eyes, glancing from person to person, rest lovingly on the face of every one who has cherished him; he does not even except the loving ox, that dumb companion of his hardy toils; but at last he covers his face with his hard hands, through which the tears are streaming, and in a voice almost unintelligible for sobs, utters "Farewell!" Then, raising his head, he shakes back the abundant hair which falls over his brow and shoulders, and walks bravely onward.

But all followed him, for the moment of final parting had not yet arrived. At a short distance toward the village, where the roads crossed, there was a "praying station" by the wayside, on which an image of the Virgin was suspended. Kate had placed it there, and John had constructed a sort of altar beneath the figure, so that the mournful group halted, as if by common consent, at this consecrated spot, where they had so often poured out their prayers together, in order to utter the last sad words that were to part them.

"John, my son," said his mother, holding his hand, "never forget what I have told you. Keep God always before your eyes, and don't fail to say your prayers before you go to sleep. As long as you do so you will be good, but should a night pass without prayer, think of me next day—think of your mother, and you will become good again, for he who thinks of God and of his mother is safe from harm."

"I will think of you always, mother—always," replied he, calmly, with a sigh. "If I become sad and lose heart, the memory of you, mother, will support and console me; yet I feel I shall be unhappy. I love you all too much!"

"Then you must not swear, John, you know, nor let them lead you astray. You'll go to church, won't you? You'll write to us as often as you can, and never forget that the least word from her child makes a mother happy; won't you? Oh! I will pray every day and every night that your guardian angel may not desert you!"

John was deeply touched by the trembling voice in which his mother imparted these counsels, and as he still held her hand in his, the only replies he gave were by a closer pressure at the end of every sentence, accompanied by the utterance of "Mother! dear mother!"

"John," she continued, "John, my son, you will fulfill all your duties willingly, will you not? You will be obedient to your superiors, and even suffer injustice without complaint? You will be kind and useful to everybody, and show your good heart in everything they may command?"

If you do so, all your comrades and officers will love you."

Kate, her mother, and the little boy, were already on their knees, praying before the Virgin; the two speakers threw themselves also on the ground, and raising their hands to heaven, united in a silent aspiration.

After remaining a few moments engaged in this pious duty, they rose; and the eyes that were just calmed by prayer burst forth anew in a torrent of tears. The fatal moment had come! John tore himself away with difficulty from his mother's embrace, placed her on a bench hard by, kissed old grandfather, Kate's mother, and his little brother, and, turning again to his own parent, once more pressed her violently to his own heart. Then, without daring to turn his eyes to the sorrowing group, he walked off quickly in the direction of the village, and at the turn of the wood disappeared from the straining gaze of his companions.

But poor Kate, who had charged herself with the provisions prepared for his journey, followed the wayfarer as speedily as her limbs would permit; and, at length coming up with him, the pair walked on, side by side, for a considerable distance, without speaking a word. They both felt in this solemn hour that the secret by which their innocent hearts were overburdened could no longer be repressed.

After a while, John took Kate's hand timidly, but as yet said nothing, till, after some twenty paces more, he faltered forth, with trembling anxiety:

"You won't forget me, dear Kate?"

There was no answer, save in the sobs and tears of the girl.

"You will wait"—continued John, timidly—"till I come home from the army? May I carry along that hope, at least, to save me altogether from despair?"

Kate raised her large blue eyes to his, with a long and melancholy gaze, which, while it seemed to tell him all that his soul demanded, almost reproached him for asking the question. The sudden gush of joy quite overcame poor John, who, leaning against an oak for support, looked rapturously into those loving eyes, when suddenly footsteps were heard approaching, and the voice of a man singing joyously.

Kate strove quickly to hide her emotion from the new-comer, who proved to be Karel—an other conscript, who was to accompany her lover to the military rendezvous at the village.

"John," said she, quickly, as Karel approached, "I will take care of your mother, your grandfather, and your little brother, when you are away. I will see to the land and the cattle. My health and strength are stout enough for all I have to do; so when you get back to us I hope you will find everything as you left it."

"All?" exclaimed John, with a deep and meaning look—"All, Kate?"

"Yes—All! And, John, I won't go to the fair while you are gone, for there would be no fun there without you. But you mustn't do what the old smith spoke of you know—drink, frolic, and court the pretty girls! If I hear you are misbehaving, I will soon be in yonder graveyard!"

Just at that moment Karel's hand fell heavily on the conscript's shoulder, as he burst forth in a song half gay, half plaintive:

"Alas! my love, I must away;

A soldier I become to-day!

My love, forget me not!"

A blush suffused Kate's face as John remarked her emotion, and, replying in the same tone to his comrade's salutation, he took his arm and marched on toward the village, still followed at a distance by his weeping sweetheart.

On reaching the rendezvous they found three youngsters with packs on their backs, waiting for them and ready for the journey. The parting kiss was given by friends and parents to the wayfarers; but poor Kate alone kissed nobody. Still, as she handed to John the provisions she had prepared for his journey, their eyes met once

more in a long, ardent, and intense look which in itself was a love-song.

They are gone. Kate left the village tearless; but, in the solitude of the wood that bordered her homeward path, her resolution and calmness failed, and heavy was the heart with which she greeted once more the humble cottages which to be were henceforth to be as barren as the wilderness, or peopled alone by a lover's memory of the past.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[This admirable story is from the pen of the author of "The Conscience," whose powers as a writer of fiction have obtained for him the high reputation of the Walter Scott of Flanders.]

ESCAPE OF A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN FROM A TIGER.—A letter from PENANG, dated February 10, 1859, gives the following singular escape from, but ultimate death by, the attack of a tiger on a Catholic missionary on that island, which will be read with painful interest: "My escape from the tiger," says the writer, "was truly marvellous, but that of Padre Cuellon was still more so, as the following details of the attack upon that worthy priest will clearly prove. The padre was on his way to church, and was immersed in the study of his sermon, when a tiger, to his utter surprise, suddenly rushed out of the jungle, or tall grass; but as the beast had not measured its distance to a nicety, the padre, walking very quickly, was more frightened than hurt. The tiger, however, brushed so close to the padre that the latter's trousers were torn, the snap of the beast being within a hair's breadth of his leg. The brute, not content with a single spring, made another charge upon the poor padre, and, as he had nothing to defend himself but his large paper umbrella, he suddenly opened it out in the brute's face, which had the effect of cowering it for a moment. The tiger, however, evidently gamer or more pertinacious in his attacks than is wont with his tribe, charged the padre at least a dozen times, which occupied nearly twenty minutes. In the meantime the padre gradually edged towards a tree in an open space of ground, and as there was a large white ants' nest between him and the tiger around which the latter had to make a slight turn, this enabled the padre to climb the tree and get out of his way. The tiger on getting round the nest, was at first puzzled at not seeing the padre, but in a few minutes he laid his nose to the ground, and soon scented the whereabouts of his intended victim. 'The tiger,' said the padre, 'quietly sat down under the tree, and gave a wistful look towards me, but it fortunately was of no avail.' The natives, at length, hearing the cries of the worthy padre, hastened to the spot and rendered the assistance required. The tiger fled the instant it heard their shouts. The poor padre burst into tears, and sang the Te Deum in token of gratitude for his delivery. Padre Cuellon, however, did not rally long; the fright had too serious an effect upon his system, and in about ten days he sank to rise no more."

RECIPE AGAINST MELANCHOLY.—I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often drive melancholy away better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.

[Sydney Smith.]

READY DETECTION OF FORGED NOTES.—By means of the stereoscope forgery can be readily detected in the case of bank notes. If two accurately identical copies of ordinary print be placed side by side in the stereoscope, they will not offer any unusual appearance; but if there be any, the slightest difference, that difference will at once be made manifest by the elevation into relief, or the reverse, of the corresponding space above the adjoining marks, and by this simple process a forged bank note can at once be detected.

THE RISING OF THE DANUBE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

The city of Pesth is built along the left bank of the Danube, from which its riverward line is only separated by a quay of a few toises in width, and in many places the houses advance even yet nearer to the lip of the stream. The soil occupied by the town, and the whole stretch of country for miles about it, is one waste of light, deep sand; while the houses, are (or perhaps I should rather say were) nearly all built over cellars, magazines, stables, and drains.

At the beginning of January, 1838, the Danube had already attained an unusual and somewhat alarming height, and the water had flooded all the drains and subterranean in its immediate neighborhood, whence it was obliged to be drawn off; after which the *abouchures* of all these under-ground inlets were carefully closed.

I mention this circumstance, because it became ultimately evident that the stoppage of these subterranean was one main agent in the destruction of property which afterwards ensued, and as it, moreover, proves that when the Danube received its first coat of frost it was unusually high; while at the same time at Soroksar, a couple of leagues below the city, a branch of the river having become choked with ice, caused the overflow to which I have alluded.

The Danube was entirely frozen over and firmly closed between the 5th and 6th of January; and a continuance of snow and extreme cold so severely operated upon it, that the ice gradually increased to upwards of three feet in thickness. During the 8th and 9th of March the stupendous mass began to yield, but after flooding the lower part of Buda, it again settled. It was considered, however, to wear so menacing an appearance, that a dyke six feet high was flung up the whole length of the city between the houses and the river; when the authorities and inhabitants of Pesth, satisfied with this precaution, and the stoppage of the drains where they communicated with the Danube, and remembering that during the inundation of 1775, the water had never risen to the height of their newly-erected barrier, abandoned themselves to the hope and belief that before the river had attained the level of the dyke, the ice would break up, and be carried away by the strength of the current.

Some few individuals there were, nevertheless, who looked upon the frost-chained giant with more anxious forebodings, and who asked themselves what, if this comfortable occurrence did not take place, was likely to be the fate of the devoted city? The answer of their own reason was, by no means consolatory, and consequently a few, a very few, ventured to take precautions against the possibility of disaster. It is almost needless to explain that among these wise individuals was Count Stephen Szechenyi, who supplied the *des-esperts* of Pesth for a time with food for mirth and sarcasm, by the apparition of a roomy barge just within the *porte cochere* of his residence. Little did those who scoffed imagine how soon they would become suitors for the loan of that laughter-inspiring boat! The jests had not time to become stale upon the lips of those who uttered them, ere they were fearfully forgotten.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th the river appeared to become more threatening in its appearance, and it was considered necessary to use every precaution which might prevent its flooding the quays. Immediate orders were given to this effect, and the scene was described to me by an eye-witness as fearfully dramatic. In every direction were to be seen laborers toiling to fortify the dyke, and adding such other means of defence as the impulse of the moment suggested; but still no serious apprehensions were entertained, for it was believed that this was the last effort of the mighty river to free itself from its frozen load, and that, the feat accomplished, all peril would be past. And thus men moved about chatting, and speculating, and even jesting; excited into false, yet neverthe-

less loud, spirits; giving advice when it was neither sought nor followed, and seeming rather to be actors in a wild dream than a peril teeming reality. The greetings of acquaintance were heard among the crowd; the ribald jests of the thoughtless, and now and then even the laughter of women, who tried to trifle away their fears when they were chidden for them. But at eight in the evening the heavy peal of the alarm-bell boomed out, and doubt, and hope, and jest were at an end.

When its iron tongue first broke upon the air, the scene along the river bank was most extraordinary. Workmen and soldiers, lighted by torch-bearers, were still actively employed in strengthening the defences of the dyke; crowds of people from all quarters of the city thronged the quay, and impeded the passage of the wagons which were moving to and fro laden with sand, to fill the breaches; strong men were carrying timber to different points to increase the resistance of the breakwater; and it is calculated that not less than sixty thousand persons must have been collected on the shore, when, about ten o'clock the swollen river suddenly made a new and mightier effort than any which had preceded it, and burst the dyke in several places; and the wild waters, laden with jagged ice, rushed onwards with resistless violence, driving before them the cowering crowd, who fled appalled and breathless before the swift pursuit of this strange and terrific enemy.

Down fell the night, as if to aggravate the terrors of the hour; and men hurried on they knew not whither, pursued by a danger against which the bravest could not contend. There was no laughter now upon the air! the shrieks of women, and the groans of men; mothers screaming for their children, and children wailing for their mothers; the quick sharp sound of flying footsteps upon the frozen earth; and over all the rushing, dashing, headlong voice of the emancipated waters, made up the frightful diapason.

By an hour past midnight, several quarters of the city were flooded to the height of twenty-seven feet, and in several streets large boats might be seen moving from house to house, while at each extremity of the suburbs the ice-laden river poured like a torrent upon the town; and in those suburbs themselves the poor inhabitants had barely time to escape with life, leaving their little possessions to the fury of the treacherous element to which they had so long fearlessly trusted.

On the morning of the 14th, whole streets, undermined by the body of pent-up water which filled the subterranean beneath them, fell with successive and deafening crashes, burying alike men and animals amid their ruins; and perhaps this was the most awful moment to a spectator, of all that fatal time.

I remember being told by the Archduchess Palatine, when she was one day conversing with me on the subject of this frightful inundation, that as she stood at one of the windows of the Palace of Buda, and looked down upon the suffering city, seeing whole ranges of buildings sink and disappear in the watery waste about them, she felt her brain reel and her heart sicken, as a vague feeling grew upon her that the whole town would be ere long swept away!

From the 14th to the 15th the water continued sullenly and steadily to increase, spreading wider and wider, sapping and overthrowing dwellings, and drowning their panic-stricken inhabitants. But the day of horror—the acme of misery—was the 15th itself. Pesth will probably never number in her annals so dark a day again—she might perhaps not be enabled to survive such another—the mad river, as that day dawned, rioted in ruin; and many looked upwards to the clear cold sky, and marvelled whether the Almighty promise was forgotten!

Thousands of men, women and children, homeless, houseless, hopeless beings, clinging to life when they had lost nearly all that made life a blessing—parents, and

children, and sisters and lovers—the young, helpless in their first weakness, and the old, trembling in their last—the strong man, whose weapon was stricken from his hand by a Power against which the strong contends in vain—the philosopher, who in all his abstraction had found no preparative for so hideous a death as this—the mother, whose hope had withered as her babe died upon her bosom, and who clung to life rather from instinct than from volition—the fond, the beautiful, the delicately nurtured—all were huddled together during that fearful day upon the narrow spaces scattered over the town and suburbs which the waters had not yet reached. And as it wore by, every half hour added to the devastation around them: houses and buildings which had survived the first shock, seemed to have been preserved only to add to the horrors of the day; many of them fell and perished from roof to base; others became rent by the heavy dashing of the waters, and through the yawning apertures the wasting tide poured in, and ruined all it touched; while to add to the confusion, in some quarters of the city the heavy barges which had been procured to remove the sufferers from their threatened houses, broke loose, and went driving onward through the streets on the crest of the foaming waters.

Many individuals declared that they felt the shock of an earthquake on the night of the 18th, an assertion which added to the terror of the people; but this fact has never been verified, and it is probable that the impression was originated by explosions of the fixed air which was pent up in the subterranean, and which as the impetuosity of the water broke in, rushed out at the other extremity of the drains with a sound like thunder. It may be imagined what an immense hydraulic pressure must have been exerted on these under-ground channels, when it is stated that in a thousand places in the middle of the streets, courts, and gardens, the water forced its way in small jets from the earth; and to that pressure may be attributed in a great degree the ruin of the city.

To attempt a description of the horrors of the 15th would be a vain as well as an ungraceful task; but nothing tended so utterly to bring them to a climax as the fall of the extensive Derra Palace in the New Market-place. In vain did men murmur to each other that the building had been defective in its construction, and unsound in its foundations; their misery was deeper than the cheat which they sought to put upon themselves; and from that moment those who yet enjoyed the shelter of a roof looked on their temporary asylum with suspicion, and a general fear grew among the multitude that the whole city was crumbling about them.

Horror accumulated upon horror; the young and fragile, unaccustomed to exposure, in drenched and clinging garments, to the bleak wind of that chilly season, began to droop and sicken. Even amid the terrors which surrounded them, fathers of families, who sat silently among their quailing children, remembered that they had suddenly become beggars; and they glanced from their wretched offspring to the leaping and foaming waters about them, and listened to the crash of the falling houses which burst at intervals upon their ears, till they began to smile vaguely and fearfully, and to muse the wild musings of madmen.

One miserable man—a merchant in prosperous circumstances—was seen early in the morning of that day, standing with folded arms and gloomy brow, gazing upon the wreck of what had so lately been his happy and comfortable home. The roof had fallen in, for the foundation had failed, and one of the side walls having given way beneath the pressure, a section of the house was laid bare, and the waters were rioting and brawling over his ruined property. The hour of noon arrived, and still there stood the sufferer, stern, and silent, and motionless; twilight fell, but he stirred not from his watch; nor was it until the

increasing darkness hid from his view the spectacle of his worldly overthrow, that he started from his seeming reverie, and laughed, and shouted, and clapped his hands in savage glee! Nero jesting upon the flames which were consuming Rome, because they worked out his revenge—the maniac merchant gambolled, and moved, and mocked the lashing waters that had beggared him—nor knew amid his frenzy that he was making merry over the ruins of his own reason!

The 15th of March was, however, sufficiently terrible to the most sane and collected; and it is questioned whether the poor victims of temporary hallucination, shocking as it was to contemplate their wretchedness, did not escape much real suffering. All was misery, desolation and despair, and the firmest nerves must have quailed beneath the sights and sounds which everywhere assailed them.

It having been found necessary to extricate all who lingered in the suburbs from their frail and falling houses, a number of boats were busily plying in every direction, and as there was no time to waste on forms or convenience, the terrified people were rapidly put on board and carried off to places of comparative safety. By eleven o'clock at night, throughout the whole city there was not a foot of dry ground, save in the New-Market-Platz, the Joseph-Platz, the Franciscan-Platz, and the courts of the Lutheran Church, the County-Hall, and the Invalid Hospital, and these were crowded both by men and horses, while many families of the highest rank were huddled together in the rude wooden booths erected in the Market-place, or sat in their carriages for days and nights, exposed like the rest of the population to the sufferings of cold and damp.

While yet the fury of the element was at its greatest height, and all was want, and anguish and desolation throughout the city—while thousands of wretched beings were still without food or shelter—the Archduke Palatine sent his eldest son, the young Prince Stephen, to speak peace and comfort to the miserable citizens; and despite the danger of the mission, the high-hearted youth accepted it without hesitation.

Nor was it a light duty which this noble scion of the House of Hapsburg received as a boon at the hands of his imperial father; for the river was pouring down angrily, laden with masses of ice driven onward by the current, and threatening ruin to the unwary bark with which they might chance to come in contact. There were no attentive menials awaiting his disembarkation on the opposite shore, with ready services and obsequious wards. He went to meet misery, famine, and madness; but as he stood erect in the boat, he cast one look behind to the safe asylum which he had left—he waved his arm encouragingly towards the sinking city—he urged on his panting and trembling boatmen—and after a weary and perilous passage, his little bark began to thread the streets of Pesth.

No sooner had his appearance brought comfort to the sufferers—for there must have been comfort in the conviction that abandonment was not superadded to misery—than he vigorously applied himself to the task of mitigating the wretchedness by which he was surrounded. With his own hands, he distributed the bread with which his boat was laden; he had a kind and a hopeful word for all; and it is certain that the exertions and sympathy of the Palatine family on the occasion of this dreadful calamity, will be as durably impressed upon the hearts of the inhabitants of Pesth as though they had been graven upon marble.

Pesth has since been partly rebuilt in a style of great beauty, and on a plan more secure than formerly, and is now one of the most attractive places of residence in Europe.

The population of France is about 38,000,000; of Austria, nearly the same; and of Sardinia fully 5,000,000. The army of Austria now may be 750,000; of France, 600,000; and that of Sardinia may now be up to 100,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Welcome.

The days of spring are come again, in their early bloom,
And the meadows and the moorlands their varied tints assume,
And those woods, and groves, and dingles, in their misty light and shade,
Oh! they seem as if their loveliness was far too bright to fade.

And all along the hedges, the sunny flowers spring,
And all along those tangled shades the woodland echoes ring;

For many, many voices are mingling in the glades,
And many silver streamlets are gliding through those shades.

Oh! back again it bears me, on Fancy's fleeting wings,
To other times—to happy times—to childhood's sunny springs,
When the blue-bell in the dingle, and the primrose on the lea,
And the flag beside the streamlet, brought happiness to me.

And now the spring is come again, as it used to come before;
But those bright days of happiness, alas! they come no more;

And 'mid the light and shadow, the silence and the song,
Those buoyant spirits bounding as the streamlet bounds along.

And still the light and shadow, the silence and the song,
Are all as sweetly blended those happy scenes among—

Those happy scenes of childhood, oh! they are far away,
And other scenes are round me as beautiful as they.

Oh! no, no, they're not so beautiful, though softer it may be,
Yet those wild hills, my native hills, were lovelier to me;

And there's a sadness breathing through all this brilliant scene,
A want amidst the beauty which ne'er forgot hath been.

Yet welcome still thou gentle spring, fair nature's loveliest time,
More lovely than the summer's light or autumn's golden prime;

And ever bear me back again, on fancy's fleeting wings,
To other times, to happy times, to childhood's sunny springs.

For still, through all the sadness, the weary, weary days,
The one pure light that shineth is shed by memory's rays—

When hope with fading lustre for evermore is past,
Still, memory, thou dear one! thy chastened pleasures last.

M. A. P.

THE WAY TO ADMINISTER JUSTICE.—The Duke of Ossunna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotic even in his good doings. Ferronelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse and brought it to the owner. Ferronelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she probably would have remained content with her twenty pistoles had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Ossunna. The Duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferronelle, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles? No, no. The truth is, the purse cannot be yours. Your purse had fifty pistoles, and this had only thirty. The purse cannot be yours." The merchant stammered out: "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring"—

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring like yours? Here good woman," take you the purse and its contents. It cannot be this gentleman's, since he says his had fifty pistoles." The judgment was enforced. The Duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but, as has been said, this was a very Haroun Alraschid-like kind of a decision.

The Duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sols, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a camelpard's. While thus marching, a porter, carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware!" which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of fagots, and one of them fell off in the concussion and tore the Spaniard's mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the Viceroy. The Duke knew the porter's usual cry, "Beware," and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the cried word, though de Sols avouched the contrary. The Duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came to judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the Duke immediately said to de Sols, "What can I do to this poor fellow! You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why, then, did you not beware?" replied the Duke, and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses and a fine to the poor.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY ON MOUNT SINAI.—A most important discovery of inscriptions has been made in the Holy Land, near Mount Sinai. The following is an account of the excavations which led to it:

"Suez, April 9.—I have made a most interesting discovery close in front of the cave at Magarah. I felt so convinced that some of the large blocks there contained inscriptions that I examined them very closely, and on washing the dust and sand from a huge block of many hundred tons' weight, I found to my great delight and surprise no less than six inscriptions, of which I have taken five; the remaining one it was impossible to take, owing to the peculiar position of the stone. I then proceeded in my search, and on passing my hands underneath a huge block I could distinctly feel some tablets. I fortunately possessed four crowbars, and with the assistance of ten Arabs I succeeded, in about three hours, in raising it and turning it over upon its face, and I have never seen any inscription more beautifully preserved. You will find these impressions exceedingly well taken, and I hope they will prove interesting. I have been to Mount Sinai and Mount Sertal since I wrote last. I ascended the highest peak of the latter mountain, and found it covered with inscriptions of the Sinaitic character. No one has ascended the summit of this mountain besides myself, except Burckhardt, who has given a very accurate description of it. Dr. Lepsius ascended a lower peak. I never had so hard a day's work in my life."

The inscriptions have reached London, and are in the hands of Mr. Birch, of the British Museum.

RUSSIAN COOKS.—The cook, who among the Russians of any pretension is a man, caters. All the year round he is allowed the same amount per head daily, for fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables; he therefore provides what he likes every day, serving fish, soup, fowl or game, and flesh, two or three kinds of vegetables, and a dish (sometimes two) of sweets, fasts of course excepted. The German maid is served from the family table, but the other servants have their own dishes, their shoes and their black bread, and their fragrant Mocha at 4 o'clock. The cook is at liberty to do what he pleases with the remains of the daily fare; he may sell it either hot or

cold, which he generally manages to do, to the neighboring *trattin*, or coffee-shop, or to some of the people in the attics; this is the system here. The Emperor contracts with his cooks, paying so much per head for dinner; the Grand Duchess of Marie the same. I dined one day with a lady from the interior, who, during her temporary residence in the capital, took an "apartment" near the Leuchtenberg Palace, and our dinner of several courses was supplied by the cook of the Grand Duchess. On ordinary occasions this lady and her companion dined very bountifully every day, after this fashion, at three shillings each.

THEBAN ANTIQUITIES.—A letter from a Cairo in The Constitution says: The general subject of conversation in this city is a discovery which has just been made by the well known archaeologist, M. Mariette. He has found at Thebes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb still intact of Parah Amonis. The King is lying in a coffin completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large jewels painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the King, as was also a hatchet in gold, ornamented with figures in lapis lazuli. Some years ago M. Mariette had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre. The jewels of Amonis are still more valuable from their number and quality. This discovery of a royal tomb intact is the most important one that M. Mariette has yet made in Egypt.

DISTANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE FIXED STARS.—The light of the sun takes 160 minutes to move to the Georgium Sidus, the remotest planet of our own solar system; and so vast is the unoccupied space between us and the nearest fixed star, that light would require five years to pass through it. But as the telescope has disclosed to us objects many thousand times more remote than such a star, the creation of a new star at so great a distance could not become known to us for many thousand years, nor its dissolution recognised for the same length of time. Had the fleet messenger that was charged with the intelligence of its birth, or its death, started at the creation of the world, he would, at the present time, be only nearing our own planetary system. Sir John Herschel tells us, that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by. The nearest (*a Centauri*) one of the brightest stars in the southern hemisphere, is at twenty-one billions of miles distance; that is, its light would require three years and a quarter to reach us. The second (*61 Cygni*) is not nearer than sixty-three billions of miles off, and its light requires upwards of ten years to reach us. These inconceivable distances have been measured to the utmost nicety, as the astronomer royal has explained, really by means of a common yard measure! But what proportion is there between these monstrous distances and those of the stars discovered by the great powers of Lord Rosse's telescope, the power of which we have just illustrated?

DISCOVERIES NEAR BETHLEHEM.—A very important discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, near the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds. Some workmen, when employed in making an excavation, found the ruins of an immense convent of the period of St. Jerome, probably of that in which he translated the Bible, and where he died in the year 420. The cisterns are very large, regular, and in a perfect state of preservation. The mosaic pavements of several rooms have been already laid bare, and the workmen are on the track of the marble pavements of the church.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

FACETIÆ.

A MODEL COOK.—Some time in 1812 Billy Geeron was appointed cook, but was so unsuccessful in the duty that the mess felt it right to report him. "What have you been doing with the dinner, Geeron?" asked Sergeant Major Fox. "A complaint has been made against you for spoiling it." "There's no satisfying them, sir. I've tried my best to please them. Three days only have I been cook, and in that time I have had the three b's." "What do you call the three b's?" "Bake, boil, and—worse luck to-day—a burn."

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant in one of our northern cities lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy wanted." The next morning he found a handbill on his door-step, with this inscription on the top, "How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel!

Poor Philpot, when he dined with the guild of merchant tailors, they gave him a gold box with their arms upon it—a goose proper with needles soldered wise, or something of that kind; and they made him free of their "ancient and loyal corporation," and gave him a very grand dinner. Well, Curran was mighty pleasant and agreeable, and kept them laughing all night till the moment he rose to go away, and then he told them that he never spent so happy an evening, and all that.

"But gentlemen," said he, "business has its calls—I must tear myself away; so, wishing you now every happiness and prosperity!—there were just eighteen of them—permit me to take my leave"—and here he stole near the door—"to take my leave, and bid you both good night."

"How do you do, Mrs. Diggs?" said Mrs. Gad. "Have you heard the story about Mrs. Ludly?" "Why, no. Really, Mrs. Gad, what is it?" "Do tell me." "Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world! No, I must never tell out; I'm afraid everybody will know it." "No, I'll never open my mouth about it; no, never." "Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Fuddy told me last night that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nicholas that her grandmother heard by a letter, which she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, out in Australia, that it was reported by a skipper just arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaid's wear crinoline made out of shark skins!"

Heady IV. of France one day reached Amiens after a long journey. A local orator was invited to harangue him, and commenced with a long string of epithets.

"Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous"—

"Add, also," interrupted the king, "very tired!"

A famous physician having quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, Henry said to his Protestant minister, Sully, "My friend, your religion is surely very ill. The doctors give it up." The same monarch was one day harangued by a speaker in a small country town, during whose discourse an ass brayed at a short distance.

"One at a time, gentlemen," said the king.

A peasant went into a large city, and among other objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking office, where he saw people go out and in without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was sold there?

"Asses' heads," was the sneering answer.

"What a business you must have!" said the rustic, "I see that you have but one left."

One day, the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on, and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succour of the gods.

"Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

"Tom, why did you not marry Lucy?" Oh, she has a sort of hesitation in her speech, and so I left her." A hesitation in her speech! I never heard of that before. Are you not mistaken?" "No, not at all; for when I asked her if she would have me, she hesitated to say yes, and so I left her for another girl!"

"How do you feel with such a shocking coat on?" said a young dandy to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim. "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which I had paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you have never experienced."

A teacher wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it had outgrown it, said: "What do you think of a lobster outgrowing your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister: "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied, "No, not the brimstone—only the spark!"

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

CIRCULAR OF THE BISHOP OF NEWARK.—Reverend and Dear Sir:—On the Sunday following the receipt of this circular, you will please read to your co-gregation the Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, the Pope, ordering prayers for peace, a copy of which is appended.

In order to fulfil the wishes of his Holiness, the following Regulations will be observed, "usque ad revocationem," in the Diocese of Newark:

1. Each Priest of the diocese will celebrate a votive Mass, "pro Pace," on Thursday, the 7th of July.

2. The Collect, "pro Pace," will be added to all Masses, except on Doubles of the first Class and Solemn Masses on Doubles of the second Class.

3. The Antiphon, Versicle, and Prayer, "Da Pacem," &c., at the end of the Suffragia Sanctorum, in the Breviary, a translation of which is enclosed, and one After, Ave, and Gloria will be recited in English, before the Parochial Mass on Sundays, and at Vespers, after the Prayer.

It would be well also, in addition to these public prayers, to exhort your people to add in Our Father and Hail Mary to their daily devotions, with the same intention; reminding them of the rich treasure of indulgences to be gained by compliance with these pious wishes of His Holiness, and impressing upon them that the prayers thus ordered by the Sovereign Pontiff are no mere formalities, but solemn and important devotions, in which it is their duty, as good Christians, to join with sincerity and fervor.

J. JAMES, Bishop of Newark.

By order of the Rt. Rev. Bishop,

GEORGE H. DOANE, Secretary.

June 10, 1859.

ANTHONY.

Give peace in our days, O Lord, because there is no peace to one who fighteth for us, but Thou, our God.

V. Let peace be in Thy strength.

R. And plenteousness within Thy towers.

PRAYER.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all right counsels, and all just works do come, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts being given to obey Thy Commandments, and the fear of our enemies being taken away, the times, by Thy protection, may be peaceful, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be to the Father.

DEATH OF REV. THOMAS McCULLAGH.—With the most heartfelt sorrow we announce the death of Rev. Thomas McCullagh. This melancholy event took place after a brief but severe illness, on Monday evening, the 20th inst., at the Mercy Hospital. His health had been falling for some time past, and he had intended to go and spend the summer at Lake Superior, when he was suddenly taken ill with the attack which has terminated so fatally. Before his death he received the Sacraments of the Church with the most edifying fervor and devotion.

Rev. Mr. McCullagh was a distinguished student of Maynooth College, when Bishop O'Connor, after his consecration, went thither to recruit clergymen for his new Diocese. He was one of the first to answer to the call, to leave home and friends to work for God in a country then entirely unknown to him. He was the first priest ordained in this diocese, having been elevated to that dignity on February 4, 1844, by Bishop O'Connor, in the old Cathedral. During part of the years 1844 and '45, he was editor of The Catholic, and in after years was an occasional contributor to its columns. When, in 1846, St. Michael's Seminary was instituted, he was made its first President. His health, however, even then delicate, rendered it impossible for him to retain long this position, and in 1847 he went to St. Xavier's, Westmoreland County, then in its infancy, and remained for some time as chaplain to the Academy, performing at the same time missionary duties in the surrounding country. In 1850 he was made Pastor of Summitville, Cambria County, where he spent the greater part of the remainder of his life. There he edited The Crusader, a paper which was published for nearly two years.

In the summer of 1856 he was transferred to St. Patrick's, Pittsburgh, and retained the charge of that congregation till August, 1858, when he returned to the Summit, having had the consolation of witnessing the dedication of the church, of which the greater part was erected during his pastorate. Since then his health has been constantly failing, so as to have excited, for some time past, fears of

the approach of the melancholy event which we now deplore.

Although dying comparatively young (he was, we believe, in the thirty-eighth year of his age), he has left behind him lasting monuments of his zeal. His memory will live forever in the affectionate hearts of all his former parishioners, and of his many warm friends of his co-religion.

On Tuesday last his remains were brought to Summitville for interment. May he rest in peace.

[Pittsburgh Catholic.]

June 14, in the Chapel of the Convent of St. Xavier of the Sisters of Mercy, near Latrobe, Miss Henrietta Closey (in religion, Sister M. Michaels) received the white veil from the hands of Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor. Very Rev. E. McMahon, V. G., preached on the occasion.

[Pittsburgh Catholic.]

FOREIGN.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN AND AROUND LIVERPOOL.—The Catholic schools of the north-west are under the inspection of Mr. S. N. Stokes, who states that Lancashire affords him the largest amount of occupation of any county in his district, containing sixty-four schools, with an aggregate of 11,925 scholars, being more than half the schools and nearly three-fourths of the scholars of the entire district, extending from the Solway to North Wales.

In Liverpool alone there are 19 Roman Catholic Schools in receipts of annual grants, with 30 certificated teachers, 20 assistant teachers, 150 pupil-teachers, and 6,858 scholars actually present at last inspection. The capitulation grants amounted to £342, the night school grants to £40, and the Industrial School grants to £792. For size and excellence of school buildings, as well as for number of scholars, no place in Lancashire, or indeed in Great Britain, can rival Liverpool. Besides the schools just referred to, there is a flourishing Training College for female students, where fifty Queen's scholars are now under instruction.

St. Helen's has made great advances of late in the establishment of three new schools; and where, five years ago, there were no certificated or apprenticed teachers, there are at present five considerable institutions seeking annual grants. Mr. Stokes classifies the schools under his inspection, in respect to condition of buildings, under the three heads of superior, ordinary and inferior. To the first belong St. Anne's, St. Thomas', St. Oswald's, Holy Cross, St. Francis', and St. Thomas and St. William's, Liverpool; Lowe-house, St. Helen's; and St. Mary's, Birkenhead. In the second category he places St. Peter's, St. Anthony's, St. Augustine's, St. Helen's, and the Practising School, and Ince Blundell. Among those described as inferior, he enumerates St. Nicholas', Liverpool, and St. Werburgh's, Birkenhead. The buildings grouped as superior form fine schools, highly creditable to their founders and managers. Most of them are new; scarcely one is ten years old.

St. Mary's, Birkenhead, built with the aid of a liberal grant, is a secure structure, comprising good rooms for boys and girls, with a suitable master's house, but very inadequate accommodation for infants. Unfortunately, it is so remote from the bulk of the population, that years will elapse before it can be of use to the crowds of uneducated children living in Birkenhead. The smallest of a third category, a large school—reported as second to none for educational services—are as so ill-arranged, incomplete, and altogether inferior, that their re-construction is very desirable; while the confined area of the available site, and the changed circumstances of the neighborhood, cause the managers to despair of raising the useful funds. Mr. Stokes states that he knows of no case in which the aid of the Parliamentary grant would be better bestowed than on the complete re-building of this school.

Two new schools have been established, namely, St. Augustine's, in Great Howard street, which at once secured a large attendance of children, and cannot fail to be highly beneficial; and the Practising School, Mount Pleasant, which, however comfortable and well arranged, is not accepted as permanent by the ladies who have already spent so much upon the Training College. In St. Helen's, two new schools have been erected, and a third, though in a short time will make the three institutions efficient.

The number of certificated teachers in the district has risen from 88 to 115, which increase is all but wholly due to the operation of the Liverpool Training College, and, to an equal extent, is confined to female teachers. Twenty-five certificated students from Liverpool now conduct schools. There is a special report on this college, also from Mr. Stokes, which is of a most interesting character.

[Liverpool Journal, June 11.]

MEETING OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS.—A meeting of persons professing the Roman Catholic faith was held at St. James' Hall, London, on the 8th of June, for the purpose of impressing

upon the Government the necessity of granting them the privilege of chaplains in work-houses and prisons.

The Hon. Charles Langdale was called to the chair, and there were on the platform Mr. McCann, M.P., Mr. F. R. Wegg-Prosser, late M.P., Mr. Bowyer, M.P., the Hon. C. Langdale, Dr. Manning, Mr. R. Swift, the Hon. Mr. Stonor, Mr. H. W. Willesford, Mr. Bagshaw, O. C., Very Rev. E. Hearne, V.G., Rev. Canon O'Neil, V.G., Canon Oakley, Monsr. Seanor, Rev. W. Kelly, Rev. W. Lockhart, Rev. W. Dolan, Rev. B. Bodolski, Hon. and Rev. E. Stonor, Mr. T. W. Allies (formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, and chaplain to the Bishop of London), Mr. Fitzpatrick, late Chief Justice of the Gold Coast; Mr. Dodsworth (formerly a clergyman of the Church of England); E. B. Deane, Esq., D. C. L., and other gentlemen.

The chairman read letters from Lord Stourton, Lord Vaux and Lord Dornier, expressing their regret that they could not attend, and their hearty sympathy with the objects of the meeting. All the Catholic Bishops of England had sympathized with the movement, and the "Bishop of Birmingham" wrote to say that the Catholics would never be content until they were placed upon an absolute equality with their fellow countrymen, in the undisturbed exercise of religion.

Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were agreed to.

THE TEMPLE IN MARGARET-STREET, LONDON.—

The London Union (Catholic journal) says: We desire to congratulate our readers, with all earnestness, and in sincerity, upon the solemn consecration of this magnificent church. There is not its equal in splendor and richness in any portion of Great Britain. Generally speaking, it is perfect both in general plan and minute detail, and it is a standing memorial of the power and influence of the great Catholic rivalry in the English Church. The Roman Catholics have nothing at all approaching it in sumptuousness of character; and no church of theirs is to be compared with it in completeness of arrangement or Catholicity of detail. Built especially for the necessities of our present ritual, it nevertheless carries back the mind to the ages of Faith, and continually preaches the great truth that the Church of England of the present day is the Church of St. Anselm and St. Thomas; and points out to Christendom generally what a healthy and powerful influence the Catholic movement has obtained. There we have a dog church, a solemn sanctuary, and impressive function; sedilia, piscina, credence, a sumptuous altar duly elevated and properly vested; devotional religious pictures of the highest style of art; altar lights, altar cross, font, lectern, lantern stool—every "ornament" in fact, which can possibly be required for the due and proper performance of divine service; and what more can we want?

At Aix la Chapelle, in Rhenish Prussia, the foundation-stone of the new church of the Jesuits in honor of the Immaculate Conception, was laid on Sunday, the 22d ult., by his Eminence Cardinal Geissel, Archbishop of Cologne, assisted by suffragan bishops, Mgrs. Baudry, and the Bishops of Metz, Munster, and Osnaburg, and the Mitred Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery of the Mount of Olives. There was a large congregation, with the civil authorities, assisted at the ceremony, which presented all the popular and solemn character of the German medieval spirit. The foundation stone itself had been extracted from the Roman Catacombs, and was a present of the Holy Father.

The new church of St. John the Baptist, Canbome, Cornwall, England, was opened on the 26th ult. About ten years since our holy religion was unknown here, till a Catholic family, recently converted, settled here, and mass was offered up in a private room by one of the Oblates of Mary, then in possession of the neighboring mission of Penzance. No sooner, however, did the Irish laborers ascertain that they could obtain employment there than the tide of immigration soon set in. A priest was appointed to the mission, but church and school were required. The room, that sufficed for a family, could contain but few of those who now sought to attend. But how was room to be obtained? The same good family, at great inconvenience to themselves, gave up a loft over their stables, supplying thus, in the best way it could be supplied, but still in a very limited degree, what the wants of the people so much required—space. This is the only oratory that for some years past upwards of six hundred persons have had in which to attend the holy Sacrifice, and to receive the benefit of the Sacraments of the church.

PROFESSION OF NOVICES IN HAROLD'S CROSS, NEAR DUBLIN.—On the 31st ult., the last day of the holy month of Mary, the solemn profession of four novices took place at eight o'clock, A. M., at the Convent of the Sisters

of Charity, Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, in the new church opened on the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph. The brides elect were Sisters Mary Sebastian Canavan; Sister Mary Anne Joseph Sugrue of Cork; Sister Francis Regis Furniss of Waterford; and Sister Mary Veronica, as domestic sister. The officiant delegated by the Archbishop on the occasion was Very Rev. Dr. Meagher, P. P., V. G. After the ceremony the company were sumptuously entertained in the parlors of the convent.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES OF DUBLIN IN REGARD TO EDUCATION.—A special meeting was held on Thursday of the dignitaries and canons of the Metropolitan Chapter at the residence attached to the pro-cathedral, Marlborough street. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and after the opening prayer proceeded to lay before the meeting the important subjects connected with education, upon which he wished to have the advice of the Chapter. On the question of the establishment by the government of intermediate schools, the unanimous suggestion of the Chapter was that no system could be safely sanctioned or tolerated which should be based on the principle of mixed education. Several means were also proposed and discussed for giving effect to what appeared to be the fixed resolve of the Catholic hierarchy, the clergy, and laity of the country on this point, viz: that Catholics should receive a just proportion of whatever public money may be allotted for the promotion of education, on the principle of mixed education. Several means were also proposed and discussed for giving effect to what appeared to be the fixed resolve of the Catholic hierarchy, the clergy, and laity of the country on this point, viz: that Catholics should receive a just proportion of whatever public money may be allotted for the promotion of education, on the principle of mixed education. Several means were also proposed and discussed for giving effect to what appeared to be the fixed resolve of the Catholic hierarchy, the clergy, and laity of the country on this point, viz: that Catholics should receive a just proportion of whatever public money may be allotted for the promotion of education, on the principle of mixed education.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—On Sunday morning Cardinal Wiseman preached at the German Chapel, St. Thomas Apostle, Bow Lane, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the chapel and the feast of St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany. The *Deum* was sung in German and High Mass performed. This chapel will be closed at the end of the month, and a new one opened in Friars street, Shoemakers Row, Blackfriars. The Cardinal was received with great homage, and his presence caused a large congregation to assemble. At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was made for the new chapel.

Morning Advertiser.

The Festival of Corpus Christi at Newark.

To those who have lived in Catholic countries a procession of the Blessed Sacrament is nothing new. They are accustomed to see it every evening during the Octave of this Feast, and village *vies* with village in endeavoring to do honor to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist by the beauty of its procession and by the variety of the decorations with which it is ornamented. We were much pleased on the evening of the 23d ult., by a visit which we paid to the cathedral at Newark. The church, with its noble spire, is indeed an ornament to the city, but the addition of a new chapel, in which the altar of the Blessed Sacrament will be erected, is in itself a great improvement. For it will thus enable the zealous pastor, Rev. J. B. McQuaid, to carry out the ritual of the Church, in not having the tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament is kept on the high altar of the Cathedral. In the morning the Bishop gave confirmation to the children who had previously been prepared by the usual spiritual exercises, a number also received their first communion. In the evening all assembled in the church, where vespers were sung by the choir. The Blessed Sacrament was then exposed, and the procession was formed. The children of the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, preceded by their banner, all dressed in white. After these followed the boys of St. Patrick's Church, with their banner, bearing on it an appropriate device, then the choir singing appropriate hymns. The processional cross was carried by the cross-bearer, on either side of whom was an acolyte with a lighted candle. Then followed the Bishop carrying the Blessed Sacrament, with his deacons and the assistant priest, the choir boys preceding, with thuribles, and scattering rose leaves as the procession advanced. Some of the most prominent members of the congregation carried the *Baldrick* over the Bishop as the procession left the church. In the garden of the Episcopal residence a temporary altar was erected on which were lighted a large number of candles tastefully arranged—the procession stopped before this. The *Tantum Ergo* was sung, and benediction was given. All went to the church, where the solemn ceremonies of the day were concluded by benediction, and returned home, delighted in being permitted to join in celebrating this festival in such an appropriate manner.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

St. Patrick's Male Orphan Asylum, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Exhibition of the Orphans.

REMARKS OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP, EX-MAYOR WOOD, HON. JOHN KELLY, ETC.

The annual exhibition of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum (for boys) took place on the 24th in the Asylum, Thirty-ninth street. We thought, on the occasion of the exhibition in Prince street, which was fully reported in our paper of last week, that the attendance was numerous and the rooms crowded, but last Friday we got a clear and enlarged idea of the meaning of those words.

Among those present were the Most Rev. Archbishop, Bishop Loughlin, Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., Very Rev. Mr. McCarron, Rev. Messrs. Quinn, McNeirney, Curran, McQuaid, Quarter, Barry, McMahon, Brady, Brennan and Connon. We also observed among the audience Hon. John Kelly, Ex-Mayor Wood, Ex-Recorder Tillou, J. B. Nicholson, H. Kelly, P. Mulvihill, James Kelly, P. Carey, Messrs. McKenzie, Jones, Curtis, Waters and others. Mr. Michael J. O'Donnell was also present; in fact, he is indispensable on such occasions. An exhibition of the Orphans without Mr. O'Donnell's kind superintendence would be deprived of many of its most pleasing features.

The institution has the advantage of a fine location, being near the Central Park and by the site of the new Cathedral, removed from the noise and dust of the city, but near enough to have it enter into the prospect and form a very attractive feature. It is just the place for children, pure air, open space, and pleasant location. These advantages added to the kind care and ceaseless supervision of the Sisters accounted for the faces glowing with health, and eyes sparkling with animation, that met the eye of the visitor whichever way he turned. In front of the building a large piece of ground is laid out in grass plots and flower beds, and the slight rise in the ground is taken advantage of to arrange it in terraces, each terrace having its own little flight of stone steps which were bordered with vases filled with flowering shrubs. Around the building ran a balcony on which the guests who arrived late were accommodated with seats and from which, thanks to the manner in which the house was constructed, a view could be obtained through the open doors and windows of what was going on within. School benches were ranged in rows on this balcony for about a hundred boys, or so, for whom there was neither room nor accommodation in the school, and from their conversation, carried on in a suppressed but audible under-tone, a wonderful knowledge was imparted of the estimation in which they held each boy that took part in the proceedings. From the same indirect, but as it proved, reliable source, the hearers learned what was going to happen next in order and the names of the boys that were to take a part in it. For a while it puzzled, and left one altogether in the dark as to their meaning. One word was reiterated again and again to which there was no clue; it was, "the soldiers," "the soldiers." "Oh say," (this was from a small enthusiast who momentarily forgot the character of the place, in his military ardor) "Say—Jim's going to be a soldier." On glancing over the programme "A scene from the Revolution" met the eye. Could this supply the key? Perhaps, but we must wait for it, and so we did, our curiosity kept alive and our interest constantly renewed by the smothered excitement of our little neighbors. How insignificant, in their eyes, seemed the literary distinction, or oratorical triumph of this or that playmate compared with the glory attaching to these mysterious soldiers.

But when the soldiers actually appeared clad in the quaint historic costume of the Continentals, the well-known buff and blue, three-cornered hats and all—the officers with their clanking swords and golden epaulettes, and the General with his crimson sash and buff leather gauntlets; or rather when the martial tones of a fife and drum preluded their approach, then it was a treat to see our little friends in the background rise to their feet without a sound, and spontaneously and simultaneously, with the rapid regularity of a military movement, rise on their toes in

the insane hope of being by this means able to overlook the visitors. More than one turned from the mimic soldiers within to gaze on the real enthusiasts without, and to the credit of human nature be it recorded that more than one curly head was surreptitiously introduced into the room by the connivance of the spectators. But we must not forget the school-room, and what has taken place there, for any outsiders. The school-room is a large oblong apartment, eight windows by three, a plan of measurement which we recommend for adoption, as it gives a pretty clear idea of the size, and an accurate one of the light and ventilation of an apartment. In the centre was a carpeted platform six or eight steps high, with a railing across the back, through which were seen thick clustering shrubs and plants, dark-leaved evergreens mixed with the softer shades of the deciduous kinds. Opposite this platform was the place reserved for the Archbishop, the clergy, and the lay friends of the institution; on one side were the boys of the institution, looking so healthy and happy in their neat, becoming attire, and on the other the large mass of visitors, who filled the room to overflowing and then poured out into the circling balcony, of which we have already spoken. The walls were covered with geographical maps and Scriptural charts, and the mantel-pieces were bright with flowers. On one side of the room were two companion oil paintings, one representing St. Patrick preaching the Gospel to the heathen Irish chieftains, and the other Columbus surrounded by his Spaniards, planting the Cross on the shores of the New World. About three o'clock the exercises commenced with vocal music, after which the following address was well delivered by B. O'Donnell:

LADES AND GENTLEMEN: In our happy home we have once more the happiness of extending towards you our cordial welcome. We welcome you not in the hope that we can entertain you with any brilliant exhibition; that we cannot promise, and we know that you do not expect it. We are satisfied that the spectacle of the bright and cheerful faces of so many helpless and otherwise destitute and unprotected orphans, surrounded with all the comforts of a happy home, and so well cared for in every respect, possesses far more interest for you than could any mere display, no matter how well contrived, or howsoever brilliant it might be. We welcome you, that we may tender the feeble expression of our gratitude for the many kindnesses and unceasing protection which we have received at your hands, and that you may witness the success of that work which you, in the hands of God, were the willing instruments of accomplishing. In welcoming you, it would be useless for us to attempt to express the fullness of our feelings; it would be impossible. Often when the heart is full, the tongue refuses to perform its office; overpowering sense of gratitude chokes up utterance. We can only say. We bid you an orphan's welcome.

"The deceiver detected," a dialogue by J. McGuire, A. Conway and J. Curry was warmly applauded. The examination of the first class in grammar, primary geography, history, Astronomy, Arithmetic and Algebra was most satisfactory, and must have been highly gratifying to the many friends of the institution present. The boys answered with promptness and accuracy and in so clear and distinct a tone that even those who crowded the doors and passages were not debarred from all participation in the proceedings. "A wet sheet and a flowing Sea" was sung with great spirit, the accompaniment on the seraphine being played by one of the pupils who, we should mention, furnished all the instrumental music. An amusing dialogue, "the Atlantic Telegraph," by A. Conway and J. Sheridan was well received. "Declaration of Webster," by A. Conway, and "Declaration of O'Connell," by R. Tyrrell, were recited with a good deal of effect. The music which followed each piece was very appropriate; "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," after the first, elicited great applause, from the fact that two boys were dressed to represent the army and navy—one in scarlet uniform and the other in the invariable blue. We must acknowledge that it is not often we see such a trim little sailor. Those representatives of the country's defenders by land and sea carried the Stars and Stripes, which they patriotically waved at the chorus. "The Declaration of O'Connell"

was followed by "Erie go Bragh," the boys wearing green sashes, on which were embroidered the harp. But the most interesting feature of the exhibition was the juvenile class, which, if it could not compare with the higher classes in scholarly attainments, certainly surpassed them in popularity, and it is not often that candidates for popular favor merit it so well. The orderly manner in which they took their places on the platform and formed into line, without the tinkle of a bell or any signal, was a pleasing evidence of the regularity of their every-day proceedings. The uniform of this class consisted of light pants, nankeen sacks, fastened with black leather belts, and white collars, which had a light and summery look. One little fellow conducted the examination, and tested his class-mates in spelling, definitions and tables, an ordeal through which they triumphantly passed to the no small gratification of all present, who would have grieved to see their little favorites fail, or even falter. Before leaving the platform they sang "The Hunter," and their childish voices were so well trained, and so suited to each other, that when they declared that "a hunting they would go," you felt that there was not a dissenting voice in that youthful band. "The Yankee Pedler," a comic song, was humorously given by one of the taller boys, in the prescriptive short and striped pants and a well stuffed basket of notions. "A scene from the Revolution," written by "a gentleman from Baltimore," was the closing piece, in which quite a number of the boys took part. They marched to the music of the fife and the drum, went through the drill exercise, shouldered arms and presented arms with all due gravity and importance. The admiration excited by the dignified manner in which Gen. Washington rebuked and put down the discontented and rebellious was only surpassed by that bestowed on the junior members of the corps, those three-year-old soldiers who brought up the rear of the procession, and whose futile attempts to ascend the steps of the platform caused much amusement.

An interesting feature in the exhibition was the presentation of beautiful bouquets, by the children to the Archbishop, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Mr. Wood, and other gentlemen. No less interesting was that pleasing portion of the exercises, the distribution of premiums, which was performed by the Archbishop. As each little fellow received the reward of his proficiency and good conduct it was peculiarly gratifying to see the smile that lit up his youthful countenance.

The Valedictory, which was well delivered, by W. Murphy, was delivered with great feeling and expression:

"MOST REVEREND FATHER, BELOVED FRIENDS: Our exhibition being about to conclude, it remains for me to say a parting word, but it shall be a brief one. We take glad occasion to acknowledge our gratitude for this additional evidence of your unflagging interest and zeal in our behalf which your presence here to-day furnishes, and to tender to you our warmest thanks for the patient attention with which you have witnessed our childish performances, and for the encouragement which it has imparted to us.

We know that no expectation or hope of worldly reward has actuated you. True it is that we are to you a legacy—and a precious one—bequeathed to you by our Divine Redeemer Himself. But though precious to you, inasmuch as charity returns to you a thousand fold, it does not degrade its recipients. On the contrary, it elevates and ennobles us—it makes us the favored children—we might almost say the chosen ones of our Blessed Saviour, for He has said, "Whosoever ye do unto one of these little ones, ye do unto me." Are we not then a precious legacy, and have not you a brilliant promise. Yes! We are His children; we can receive your charity without shame or humiliation. We can be grateful, but not degraded. But although we cannot adequately repay our obligations, a heavenly recompense is in store for you; for the prayers of the little orphans whom you befriended, and which are offered for you unceasingly, may plead successfully for you, and turn the golden balance in your favor before the throne of Grace and Mercy.

After the valedictory a member of the juvenile class ascended the platform, and in a "weak, childish treble" declaimed the following lines:

When I was but a little boy,
How pleased I was you did enjoy,

Albeit, under false pretences,
That piece of humbug, which commences:
"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage!"

You do expect one of my age
To speak in public on this stage,
And, what is more, to do it so,
That I shall best old Cicero—
Demosthenes—and all the bodes
Of antiquated orators;
And, if the thing were possible,
You would expect me to excel,
Not only that, which Greece and Rome,
Where eloquence may claim a home,
Has done, but also to excel
Our dear Archbishop just as well.

But stop, I'm caught—that cannot be—
Ah! now I have it—let me see,
This is an age of compromises,
And prudence modestly advises,
That as I am not sure His Grace
Would like to meet me face to face,
I'll place myself upon the shelf,
And ask His Grace to speak himself.

The Most Rev. Archbishop could hardly refuse such a request, and he accordingly rose and addressed the children as follows:

MY DEAR CHILDREN: The words spoken so well by your representative in his valedictory, leave me but little to say, so far as the question of feeling in every Christian heart is concerned. I shall not spoil for a moment the impression made from lips so young and hearts so innocent, on the respectable and distinguished audience which have encouraged you this day by their presence. One thing I may say, that looking back over a period of about forty years, you and all your juvenile predecessors left in orphanage by the providence of God, have never been without friends at any time. At first you were few, and perhaps your friends were not so numerous as they are to-day, but still they were numerous enough to meet the wants, and provide for the Christian and honorable education of those whom the providence of God has thrown upon the hands of their charity. To-day the case is different. You were first about five, now you are nearly twice five hundred, including both asylums, and the number of your friends increases with your own number; and, should that number increase, there is but little doubt that new friends and multitudinous supporters would spring up from sources with which neither you, perhaps, nor I, have been hitherto acquainted. I will not, my dear children, detain you long. You are to-day honored by a large number of those whose presence is a presage of the sentiment, and a confirmation of it, too, which I have just expressed—gentlemen who have merited and have won the confidence of the people of this great city—persons who have been, and are, and will be friends of the orphans. They are here, and I presume that as time goes on, and as they will look back at their experience of an hour or two spent, they will say that, perhaps, they never spent an hour or two more agreeably than they have done this day in witnessing the evidence of your progress in education, and the promises—yes, the important promises—of your capacity to be useful to yourselves and useful to your country, for the foundation is evidently being laid here. Principle, rectitude, truthfulness, the fear of God, respect for authority in its proper place—all these are incalculated. If, indeed, my dear children, I permitted myself to use a single word in the way of homily—no, in advice—which it is not my intention to do, I would say that unless you correspond to the generosity, the friendship, the affection with which you have been surrounded, you would understand that of the many patrons whom you have, and those who look forward particularly to your own good in this life, and of course, in that other more important life which is to come, there are none but will expect of you that you shall be good citizens, no matter of what rank or in what capacity. If there is one other expression which the presence of so many friends, not, perhaps, very intimately connected with you, or with the memory of your parents, suggests, it is this: that while some, even in this Christian community, and with the hearts of men beating in their bosoms, have indicated a certain amount of low jealousy in your regards, I think that if they could be selected and brought out, we should find them, on an occasion like this, and in your presence, betraying that nature into what is good and what is honorable, and with those hearts of men in their bosoms, and those expressions of humanity and of Christian feeling on their lips, if they ever had enmity against the orphan,

they would go away to-day converted. [Applause.] Under these circumstances, my dear children, what remains for me to say, except, in your name, to reiterate what you have already expressed, viz. the great satisfaction, the great honor, the great presage of future and increased usefulness which may be anticipated from the presence of so many of your friends. Be good boys. Some of you are beginning to grow up, and when you grow up, and when you leave this place, remember the lessons which you have here been taught. Be good boys; be good children; and permit me, in conclusion, in your name, to thank this respectable and distinguished audience for the interest which they have taken in your affairs, and the condition of life in which God has placed you. I would assure them in your name that it has left its impression of gratitude on your young hearts. I need not say more. I have said, perhaps, already too much. But this, I feel, without the risk of presumption, authorized to do in your own name, and in the name of the friends, and patrons, and guardians, and trustees, and clergymen, who have all by habit and duty taken an interest in you,—to express in your name the gratitude that is common to us all for the kindness, the humanity, the benevolence, the well-known liberality of those not so intimately related to us, and I do not hesitate to say in their presence, that in after years, when they look back amid the recollections even of the opera or the theatre, they will find that nothing will have left so deep and tender a memory in their hearts as what they have witnessed this day. [Enthusiastic applause.]

The next speaker was Mr. Wood, who was introduced in a few complimentary remarks by Mr. O'Donnell. The Ex-Mayor spoke substantially as follows:—

It gave him much pleasure, he said, to be present on this interesting occasion. He had for several years desired an opportunity to witness personally these exhibitions of which he had heard so much. He congratulated the boys upon their fine appearance, the manner in which they had gone through the exercises of the day, and the general intelligence they had displayed. He could not but express the hope that they appreciated the many favors bestowed on them, and the kind Providence which had provided, through the estimable ladies who had charge of the institution, so many advantages and blessings. They should appreciate the city in which they lived, the institution which gave them a home, an education, a Christianity and such excellent moral training, and more than all, the good fortune which had cast their lot in a country teeming with the pure essence of political and religious liberty, where every man's opinions were protected, and to be enjoyed without proscription or without intolerance.

The speaker next alluded to the Catholic Orphan Asylum as one of the most flourishing benevolent institutions in a city abounding in monuments of this character. It was one of the best of this class of our numerous private beneficiaries. New York, he said, may well be proud of her private and public benevolence. Besides the millions of dollars expended annually by the Corporation to maintain the public poor and other public charities, there is, no doubt, three times this sum distributed in alms by individuals. Our men are liberal to a fault, if it can be said that it is a fault to bestow liberally to the poor. But as much credit as is due to the enterprise and liberality of the men, what shall be said of the generosity, labors and sacrifices of the women? Look at this blessed institution, its rise, progress, support, care, success, and present extraordinary happy condition—all, or mainly all, due to these noble ladies. This exhibition of to-day is within itself a living evidence of the success of the labors and sacrifice—they have made. Men are often prompted to public displays of benevolence from motives, I fear, other than those which spring from the philanthropic heart. We love ostentation—we love notoriety—we like the applause of our fellow men, and too often, I fear, seek the establishment of reputation, based upon conduct arising from other than good motives. Not so with women. They have no such ambition. They are not candidates for public favor. They do not ask, or expect, or desire the applause of the crowd; nor do they anticipate any other recompense than that which springs from the consciousness of good works and the reward which is in heaven. Therefore is it, I say, that if the men of New

York are entitled to credit for the free bestowal of charity, to a much greater extent are the women; and that if the trustees and gentlemen who are the patrons and managers of this institution deserve, as no doubt they do, encomiums for their aid in this good work, how much more do the noble hearted women, in whose patient devotion and never tiring energy may be traced the ever-living springs from which comes the great fountain of benevolence which flows over these poor children we have seen to-day.

God bless them, and you, my children, said the speaker in conclusion, remember them in your humble supplications to the throne of grace. Never become unmindful of your obligations, and never cease to acknowledge those obligations by a faithful, upright and truthful course through life. This will be the only return you can ever make to those who have secured to you the blessings you now enjoy.

Mr. Wood was followed by Ex-Recorder Tillou, Mr. Jones, one of the Superintendents of the public schools; Mr. Curtis, member of the Board of Education, and Hon. John Kelly, all of whom made appropriate addresses.

Hon. John Kelly spoke as follows:—Boys, said he, I cannot say you are strangers to me, for you formerly were residents of the Ward in which I resided, but like all people when they grow wealthy and strong they make their way into respectable society [laughter]. Now, you boys, were once poor like myself; you resided in an humble locality; your associations were of a poorer class than they are now, and I don't know but you have forgotten all your old friends; [laughter] but I will not impute this to you although you do reside in this locality. Then let me tell you I know you well, and those who have gone before you. Those who have gone before you have frequently been my associates; I have met them in legislative life, in executive life, and I have met them in many other positions, and I can say to you boys that they compare favorably with any other class of people. [Applause.]

The kind advice that has been given to you by our Most Rev. Father, and by those gentlemen who followed him, renders it unnecessary for me to say anything in the same strain; but I will say to you in contradistinction to what they have said, that though you have lost your parents you have found in those kind Sisters mothers that will follow your fortunes, not only in this charitable institution, but to the end of your life time, should they live to see it. There cannot be a mother that will watch over a child with so much care, but perhaps that is going too far, and I shall, therefore, say with more care than those good Sisters who devote their time and attention to your welfare. They not only instruct your young minds in the rudiments of education, but they give them an impression so strong, so powerful, that in all your misfortunes, in all the obstacles that are thrown in your way you think of Him, of the early teachings you have here received and of those who sustained you when required support. This world, children is nothing; we are here merely for a time; we breathe to-day and He that breathed upon us takes that breath from us again; we are merely what we are formed of, clay. Think of this then in your journey through life; let this be your guide and you will surely not go astray. When you go forth into the world let the teachings that have been given here always remain firm in your hearts, and it is an utter impossibility for you ever to go astray. How much better is it for you my dear children to be in this institution, supported and sustained by the Catholic community of this county, and by their kind friends who have often, though not belonging to our faith, given their donations for your benefit; how much better is it to be here than to live in the purlieus of the city and to have parents who would not attend to your education. You may say to your Holy Father though you have deprived us of our parents You have given us those who impart to us a religious education and instruction that will remain in our hearts to the end of time. Remember the words of Wolsley when he was about to give up his life he said to his royal master, "Had I served my God as I served my King he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

Mr. Kelly resumed his seat amid repeated applause.

After the speeches the boys defiled to the music of life and drum, which were played by

members of the company, through the room, round the balcony and out upon the playground.

As soon as the exercises in the school-room terminated, the visitors, taking advantage of an invitation tendered to them, wandered through the dormitories, which were as clean and orderly as the wards of a hospital, or the quarters of a barracks, admiring the long lines of neatly made-up beds, and enjoying the fresh country air which poured in through the open windows. Others from the balconies looked down upon the playground, whence still issued the sounds of martial music, and saw the unbroken ranks of the youthful soldiers marching with stately steps around the playground, the civilians of the school forming into line and following in their wake. Now they were lost among the trees that dotted the inclosure, and as they emerged into view the Sister who had kindly accompanied us through the establishment pointed out two or three little fellows of whom she had been telling us some childish anecdotes, and who we suspect are the *enfants gale* of the establishment. Here and there were erected gymnastic arrangements, some large and some small, to suit the different sizes of the children, and round these quite a number of boys were gathered, intent upon the sport, while others dodged their pursuers round trees and among crowds in all the puzzling, exciting intricacies of "tag." The visitors lingered long amid these pleasant scenes, as if unwilling to depart, looking out upon the spires and steeples of the city, towering above the habitations, and listening to the joyous voices coming up from the playground; but at last they turned homewards, gratified with all they had seen and heard, and carrying with them a pleasant remembrance of the Orphan's Annual Exhibition.

Obituary.

DEATH OF BROTHER LAMBERT, VISITOR OF THE PROVINCE OF MARSEILLES.

The Order of the Christian Brothers, says The Gazette du Midi, from which we translate, has experienced a severe loss in the death of Brother Lambert, Visitor of the Province of Marseilles, which comprises also the Departments of the Hautes and Basse-Alpes, Var, and the Bouches du Rhone. This beloved and respected Brother died on Sunday, 22d May, in the house of the Noviciate, which was founded by him in 1852. A large deputation of the clergy, members of the different communities of the Order established in Marseilles, the pupils of the boarding-school, the pupils of the common-school at Chartreuse, a deputation of the Children of L'Etoile and a great number of respectable citizens attended the funeral. Brother Lambert was sixty-eight years old, fifty years of which had been passed in the Order, adorned by his virtues and his talents. The life of this religious has been worthily closed. Fifty years of abnegation and sacrifice in the discharge of the duties of his Order is the best eulogism we can pass on the man who thus devoted himself, and on the Catholic religion, which alone can witness such devotion.

METERNICH.

The Bremen brings intelligence of the death of the great Austrian statesman Metternich, at Vienna, on the 11th of June. This veteran diplomatist, had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven. During the last fifty years he had served his country and advanced her interests at every Court in Europe. He has been Ambassador to various European Courts, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and controlling spirit of all negotiations and conferences. A biography of Metternich would embrace the political history of Old the World and form one of the most valuable historical documents of his times. He accompanied the Empress Maria Louisa to Paris, and he was the promoter and very life of the quadruple alliance which hurled Napoleon from his throne. His efforts to preserve peace were unceasing, and the extension of education was one of his pet projects. He commenced his political life as a Deputy from Westphalia to the Congress of Rastadt, and before its close he was decked with all the orders of knighthood and received titles from almost every Sovereign in Europe. The University of Oxford also conferred on him an honorary degree on the occasion of his visit to that city. In 1848 the helm of state was rather roughly shaken from him, but he was afterward recalled.

The Fourth.

WRITTEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Time in his hand has brought again
The proudest day of all the year,
The day when Freedom's loud Amen
To patriots' vow, struck on the ear
Of despot, like a peal of thunder,
Rousing the startled world from sleep,
Ringing, like lightning, chains asunder,
Inspiring thoughts for words too deep.
Hail, glorious birthday of our nation!
Hail, day that saved and set us free!
Oh, Liberty! a long probation
We suffered cheerfully for thee.
Let other nations own a Sovereign,
And pride them on their loyalty,
And let them bow to those who govern—
Our only monarch's Liberty!
Commencement of a nation's glory!
Grand epoch from which men may date
The opening chapter of that story
That but with Time will terminate!
May every leaf and page grow brighter,
With records of some glorious deed!
May specks grow gradually lighter,
As days pass by and years succeed!
Till Truth and Faith, so strong, so instant,
Possess the land from South to North,
And future years, not very distant,
Add deeper meaning to the Fourth.
"The Fourth," through all succeeding ages,
Observed and honored may it be,
And shine on History's varied pages
A synonym for Liberty.

M. M.

The Beautiful Rain.

It comes! it comes! the beautiful rain,
And the panting fields no more complain,
The thirsty ground with right good will
Of the crystal drops is quaffing still;
And the chary clouds are shy no more,
But wide-arm'd sprinkle their jewell'd store;
Old Mother Earth is glad again,
Down, down it comes—the beautiful rain!
It comes! it comes! and the dust-clad trees
Fling wide their arms to the welcome breeze;
It cheerily tinkles down the spout,
And with merry laugh comes leaping out;
And bare-headed boys are under the eaves,
And birds are drinking from off the leaves;
And the farmer forsakes his loaded wain,
To sit and watch the beautiful rain!
It comes! it comes! and the pining flower
Unfolds its leaves to the welcome shower.
It comes, and the swallow bathes his wing—
How glad he is to twitter and sing!
And he chatters away to his little ones four,
And tells them to look and see it pour;
And they sit and chatter in turn, and fain
Would try their wing in the beautiful rain.
It comes! it comes! in gladsome glee,
Emblem of truth an purity.
It comes! it comes! with its pattering feet,
And treadeth down the dusty street.
It comes! it comes! all rainbow-laden,
To gladden the heart of youth and maiden.
Ring out the joyous shout again,
All praise to him for the beautiful rain.

C. L. P.

THE CONCERTS AT PALACE GARDEN.—We know of no place in our metropolis where one can spend an evening so agreeably as at the concerts which are now given almost every night at Palace Garden. In fact, this has become, and deservedly so, such a popular place of resort that it is one of the few entertainments in this city that draw during the warm summer weather. The structure in which the concerts are given has a light and airy appearance, that renders it admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. There is quite an extensive promenade through the garden, which is interspersed with particular lights, that serve to heighten the brilliant effect of the whole scene. Of the music, we can only say that it is furnished by the best instrumental performers in New York, among whom are Mr. S. B. Mills, the two Mollenhauers, Mr. L. Schrieber, and Mr. A. Lentz. The Musical Directors are Carl Bergmann, H. B. Dowdworth and G. E. Bristow, whose names are a sufficient guarantee as to the character of the selections. In fact the evening concerts at Palace Garden have supplied a want which has long been felt, and we trust that they will be continued, if not every evening, at least often during the summer, to satisfy all lovers of good music.

A HINT TO LOOK UP.—In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with the most important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make *THE RECORD* a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with the attention of which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design and endeavor of the proprietor to furnish reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following list of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

New York, Nov. 3, 1858.

"**DEAR SIR:** I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of it in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

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 For transient advertisements..... 12 1/2 cents per line.
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All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNGAN & BRO.,

(JAMES B. KIRKE,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1859.

ENGLAND VIA AUSTRIA—WILL LOUIS NAPOLEON INVADE THE FORMER?

There are a very considerable number of persons who entertain the firm belief that having satisfactorily disposed of Austria, the French Emperor will next direct his attention to England. Now, while we are not so sanguine that such a design forms any part of his future policy, we must admit that such a supposition is sustained by many reasons which should not be overlooked. The immense fleet that owes its efficiency and its strength to his energy and superintending vigilance, and which is admitted even by Englishmen to be superior to that which forms the boasted rampart of Great Britain; the vast fortifications he has thrown up along the French coasts, to defend the country he rules with despotic sway from an attack by sea; these, with other and no less forcible reasons, that are furnished by the history of the first empire, and the national antipathy that has always existed between the two people, form the grounds upon which the idea of an invasion of England by the French is based. There is the remembrance of that bloody field on which the military glory of France was obscured, and the memory of which still rankles with venomous influence in the French breast; and there, too, on the same page that tells of a disastrous defeat, is the story of English perfidy towards him who had too willingly trusted to a generosity he foolishly believed she possessed. As for the alliance between France and England, who is there supposes that Louis Napoleon would allow it to stand in his way for a single moment, if he really entertained such a design, or that he would long be wanting for a pretext to give color to such a project. The antecedents of the present French Emperor show how little regard he would have for the faith of treaties, when they stand in the way of that

spirit of self-aggrandizement to which he has hitherto made everything subservient.

Our readers may remember how eagerly the colonels of the French army demanded to be led against England, to punish that country for the sanctuary she afforded to the would-be assassins of their Imperial Master, and with what a feeling of dissatisfaction that same Imperial Master received the news of the acquittal of Barnard, who was tried before an English jury last year on a charge of constructing the projectiles with which it was hoped to put an end to his sway over the French people. Here, in all this, there would certainly seem to be provocatives sufficient for any people less mercurial, less impulsive, and less sensitive of national pride and honor than the French. Nor should we forget the sneers and taunts of the English press, all of which help to increase the antagonism on which the enemies of England (and her policy has left her few if any friends among the nations) base their hopes of a French invasion.

While we do not say that such a design forms no part of the policy of Napoleon, we may ask why does he seem to consider it necessary to the execution of such a plan to involve France in a war with Austria and bring the people of the two greatest Catholic nations in the world against each other? Does the way to England lie through the dominions of Francis Joseph? We think not, and we must therefore be excused from giving our assent to a policy which has imbrued the hands of the two great Catholic powers of the world in the blood of those who, whatever may be their national differences, are members of the one universal Church, and worship before the same altar. Were such his design would it not have been more politic to have carried it out immediately after the Crimean war, before England had time to recover from the loss of that prestige which attended the ill-success of her arms before Sebastopol. This, it appears to us, was particularly the time to carry out his policy, if the invasion of England has really been placed upon his political programme. But those of our friends who are so impatient to see England humbled are not so certain that she is the next, on the list of his uncle's enemies, whose humiliation he seeks—that is, provided he gets along as successfully with Austria as he desires, a matter which is not by any means very clear. Indeed there is serious cause to fear that his affair with Austria will greatly retard, if it do not altogether prevent so desirable a consummation, and those who are clapping their hands over the account of every fresh victory of the French, may, before the end of the chapter, condemn the policy that considered it necessary to make two enemies where before there was only one.

But if for the sake of the argument we admit that he really designs invading England, is there any ground for the belief that such invasion, if successful, will accrue to the benefit of Ireland? Does any one believe that he will establish an independent republic in that country in view of the fact that it was through his agency the French Republic was overthrown. For our own part we have no faith in the professions of love which he has made for liberty, in view of the recent proclamation issued by him at Milan to the people of Italy, in which he states that his great desire is the liberation of their country as he said at Bologna in 1840, "may I be cursed, if in my name doctrines are taught contrary to the Democratic principles and government of the Republic." In the proclamation referred to he makes use of the following significant words:—"My army will have two ways to perform—fight your enemies and keep internal order." Does not this look very like an armed occupation of Italy by the French, and may not Napoleon consider

it necessary to establish a protectorate over Italian liberty. Why, if he is such a friend to freedom, has he not liberated his own country—

"Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns,

How should a despot set men free."

That that is the best kind of charity which begins at home, is a true maxim, and it is particularly applicable to this case.

We are no believers in Napoleonic love of liberty; the family were always too imperial in their aspirations, and the present nephew of his uncle is not an exceptional case. He is following out the policy of that same uncle as closely as circumstances will permit, and it may be well, therefore, for the enlightenment of those who believe he will aid in the liberation of Ireland to take a retrospective glance over the history of the First French Republic and Empire.

Let us then begin by referring to the course the first Napoleon pursued in the case of each country that he conquered. Did he establish a republic in Holland? Did he not, on the contrary, destroy even the republic which had been established there and erect a kingdom in its stead, with his brother Louis for its Sovereign. What student of history is there who has not read of that shadow of national independence called the Cisalpine Republic, which, after a short-lived existence, was converted into a kingdom, with the great Napoleon himself for its head, and this too after its independence was acknowledged in the treaty of Campo Formio by the Emperor of Germany, of whom the present ruler of Austria and opponent of his nephew is the successor. How was it with Naples? Was not the Bourbon driven from the throne to make way for Joseph Bonaparte, and subsequently for Murat, the favorite General of the Emperor. But we might still go on multiplying cases to show that the Bonapartes have always been inimical not only to republicanism, but to liberty. The only exception was that of Lucien Bonaparte, who refused to accept a crown at the hands of his imperial brother, not because of his love of either the one or the other, but that he would not take it if it were to be held as tributary to Napoleon.

What does all this prove? That it is simply absurd to expect liberty for any nation at the hands of a man whose antecedents and the antecedents of whose family exhibit an utter antagonism to everything that bears the appearance of freedom. It is, in fact, about time that people got rid of this absurd idea in regard to the liberal policy of a family who were always actuated by a selfish ambition, and who, when occasion offered, never scrupled to convert even the patriotism of Poland and other nations to their schemes of power and self-aggrandizement.

But it will be said the first Napoleon did not invade England, and, therefore, never had an opportunity to prove whether he was or was not unfavorable to the independence of Ireland. Unfortunately for those who may be of this opinion history affords evidence too strong and too direct to leave room for conjecture on the subject. Who that has read the life of Theobald Wolf Tone—one of the truest and most indomitable of all the patriots of 1798—forgot the strenuous and determined opposition with which Napoleon met his applications for aid for his struggling compatriots. Mathew Tone, in his biography of his father, says:—

"To the enterprise against Ireland, the favorite object of Wolfe, and to prospects which he was extremely summoned, he (Napoleon) felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate for ever the power of England and raise the Republic to the pinnacle of fortune (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless), it afforded no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened that Republic cause which he disliked; and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my

father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The Directors, who began to fear him and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful division." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most universal and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed for ever the power of England; and by assisting Poland, place a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and, finally, fell under the efforts of Russia and of England. It is not to be observed, as a singular reflection, that an Irishman commanded the army that gave the last blow to his destinies.

"When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as Adjutant General, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications."

Has not the nephew like the uncle subjugated the Republic and established an Empire in its stead; and is it likely, let us ask in conclusion, that he will act in opposition to his instincts and policy. Italy and Ireland have nothing to hope from him.

THE BETTER FEATURES OF THE WAR.

Amid all the terrible details which reach us from the scene of war, it is gratifying to hear of the deep religious feeling that prevails among the soldiers of both armies, and that has such a wonderful effect in mitigating the horrors of the struggle. While deploring the policy which has led to the contest that now deluges the fertile plains of Lombardy with the blood of two great Catholic nations, we admire the many noble traits that are exhibited by the soldiers of both countries. It is a contest in which the people of both have much to lose, and which has been brought about by the selfish ambition and insidious policy of the French Emperor; a contest into which, we believe, the French people, if left to themselves, would never have entered. In fact, the recent failure to induce the citizens of Paris to illuminate in honor of the success of the French arms, is a proof of the indifference with which they regard the war. With all their love of military glory, they possess a keen perception of right and wrong, and they have failed to discover any just cause for the so-called resentment of their Emperor. Our readers will, we trust, make a distinction in this matter between the nation and its ruler, for we believe that while the French people would naturally desire to hear of the success of their arms, they do not take that active interest in the struggle which a portion of our press would have us believe. This has been our belief from the outset, and we have in this matter always distinguished between the nation and its Imperial Head. We yield to none in our affection and admiration for France; we respect that chivalric pride, that high sense of national dignity, that love of country, and above all that veneration for religion which has given whole armies of devoted missionaries to the Church, and that true spirit of piety and Christian zeal that has rendered her name illustrious in the annals of our Holy Faith. France is truly a great nation in everything that tends to refine, to ennoble, and to elevate the character of a people, and we do not require at this day any new proofs of that indomitable courage which has made her respected among the nations of the earth. Irishmen certainly have every reason to love her, and we trust the day will never come when the strong bond of Christian feeling and affection that binds the two peoples will be rent asunder. Neither have they less reason to love Austria, for at a time when their forefathers were driven into exile, there was no country that gave them a more sincere or a more hearty welcome.

We know of no people in Europe who are more happy under their own government than the Austrians, and none who have a greater love for their Sovereign

"Franz," as they familiarly call him. Whatever doubts Louis Napoleon may have as to the security of his throne, Francis Joseph has certainly none in regard to his, for he is too well beloved by his people.

We have alluded to the strong religious feeling which prevails in both armies, and we will, for the gratification of our readers, mention some instances. Speaking of the desire of the French soldiers to perform their religious duties, and of their profound reverence for the Holy Sacraments of the Church, a correspondent writing of those who were on their way to the seat of war says:—"A great number presented themselves for confession, and I was much moved, even to tears, by seeing a soldier after his confession giving vent to his feelings, throwing himself on his confessor's neck and embracing him. It is consoling in these incredulous days to see men accustomed to arms and the danger of a battle-field not ashamed to confess that sincere faith for which our fathers are honored. Some days ago a party of French soldiers passing near our oratory of the Blessed Virgin being unable to be present in a body deputed one of the company to offer up the prayers and the homage of all." But then, again, we have harrowing accounts of the cruelty and inhumanity of the Austrians. We are told how they spared neither sex or age, and how they plundered wherever they went. Let us see what is said by a writer who happened to be travelling on the track of the Austrian army. From a letter addressed at Voghera to *The Journal des Debats* we translate the following extracts:—"You and I and every one has been told, on the faith of some lamentable stories, that the Austrians had plundered the country and sacked all the cities. We have trembled at these reports, but when we arrived at Voghera, unfortunately, or I should say happily, we found there was no cause for caution. Voghera is uninjured and the women smile very good-humoredly. When we have been deceived, however innocently, it is fitting that we publish it to the world. A traveller is always curious, it is his way, so I went into many eating houses, and many private residences. In all the glass was in its place in the picture frames, the clocks remained on the mantle-pieces and the curtains still hung around the beds, nothing was broken, nothing was torn, watches reposed quietly in their accustomed pockets and no fingers had lost the rings which had adorned them before the invasion. I must also acknowledge that the shoemakers had still some boots in their store and the linen merchant had not been robbed of his shirts. In fact nobody was in mourning."

We could quote column after column of such incidents as the foregoing, but these will suffice to show how utterly untrue are the reports which we hear of the reckless indifference of the soldiers to religion, or their cruelty to the defenceless people through whose country they march or in which they take up their quarters. What we have given, however, shows how careful we should be in giving a too ready belief to the reports that are evidently made up by prejudiced writers.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

A little more than three quarters of a century ago the Thirteen United Colonies which formed the foundation of our National Union, emerged from the terrible struggle of a seven years' war, into the light of freedom and independence. The men by whom that freedom and independence were attained, were no poetic dreamers or theorizing philosophers, like many of the so-called patriots of the present day, who regard liberty as license, authority as a despotic imposition upon the will and actions of the citizen, and whose political and social creed is so unmistakably

expressed in the dogma of Proudhon, that "Property is robbery." They were practical men, and brought to the task they had to perform, a thorough understanding of their duties and their obligations to the people whose interests and welfare had been confided to their charge. It is to their prudence and foresight, and to that union which has hitherto, and which we trust will ever be, preserved intact, that we are indebted for the present prosperity and increasing greatness of our country.

We do not propose to preach a homily on the subject of patriotism, or to deliver a Fourth of July oration (there will be no lack of those just about this particular time), but we desire to congratulate our readers on this the first Fourth of July which *The Record* has seen—on the return of a day which we all delight in celebrating for the memories it calls up, and for the glorious promises with which it is replete. It is said that as a country becomes wealthy, and men grow rich, true patriotism becomes more rare. We are not, however, of those who think so, for we believe there is a love of country among us that would crush out the first effort that might be attempted to make of us a divided people. With all the corruption which, we are told, exists among our public officials, we have too strong a confidence in the virtue, the good sense, the love of law and order, and regard for the rights of property, that prevail among our people, to believe that the abuses complained of will continue to increase until they have undermined the foundations of our Republic.

The country was never more prosperous, never more united, than at the present moment, and while we should thank God in a sincere spirit of gratitude for the favors He has showered upon her with such a lavish hand, we should never forget that it is only that liberty which is governed by a true Christian spirit, that can make men truly happy and independent.

ARE THE ALLIES FAVORABLE TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY?

Lord Bacon's quotation from Lucretius is well known. It reads thus:—"No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded, where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below." We have faithfully endeavored to place *The Record* in the grand moral position described by the Roman poet-philosopher with reference to the policy and principles which, in our opinion, have directed the allied powers of France and Sardinia in the initiation and conduct of the present war in Italy. Whilst laboring to attain the truth we differ widely from the maxim which Lucretius attempted to inculcate, and instead of receiving pleasure from the sight of a people or persons "wandering in the mists and tempests of errors," it grieves our Christian feelings to witness such an exhibition.

We are consequently pained to observe that an influential section of the daily press endeavors to inculcate the idea that the Catholic Religion would be benefited and the area of human freedom extended by the success of the insidious assaults which are now directed by the King of Sardinia, strengthened by Napoleonic support against the sovereign rights of the Pope to the property of the States of the Church, as well as against the constitutions of some of the minor Kingdoms of Italy and the treaty rights of Austria in Lombardy. It is our opinion that no such results can ensue from the present campaign even if the allied armies should prove victorious in the end, and we think that the American people—as practical reasoners and sound commercial men—will agree with us after taking an unprejudiced and calm view of the case.

It has already been intimated that the Pope, when deprived of his temporal estate must sink to the level of a paid Bishop, supported in a great measure by some Catholic Monarch or State, and that an unseemly civil strife would be engendered amongst the rulers in order to make him the stipendiary of either, and thus, in their opinion, obtain, for the one so supporting him, the respect of the Catholic world. It is a very remarkable fact that the majority of the men who advocate the placing of the Head of the Church in such a humiliating position are either avowed Infidels or Red Republican revolutionists, and that both would have their minds gratified by the success of their scheme—the first in knowing that the centre of Catholic unity would be, in some measure, disturbed by the event, and the other by the fact that the corner stone on which the throne rights of all the sovereigns of the Old World is reared had been loosened.

When Voltaire was advising the French revolutionists as to the best mode of overturning the monarchy and producing general anarchy in the land, he said, "You cannot prevail until I laugh Jesus Christ from the country," and immediately commenced his work. The result is known. Religion was finally driven from France, the Church was plundered of its property, her priests were reviled, impoverished and put to death, but will any one assert that the people were richer, or life and property more secure under Robespierre and Napoleon the First, than they had been under Louis the Sixteenth? Assuredly not.

So it is in the present day. Victor Emanuel of Sardinia, smarting under the sense of his defeats by the Austrians in 1848 and '49, called to his aid the cold-hearted and selfish Cavour—an excellent personification of the crafty policy of the schools of Geneva—and they dedicated themselves to revenge. During the four years they perfected the plan of robbing the Church in Sardinia of its property, and in 1853 the buildings and lands belonging to the religious houses were taken by the Crown. What has become of the revenues ever since? Have they inured to the good of the people? Not so, for we find that at the commencement of this war the treasury was bankrupt, and the landholders taxed to an extent unequalled in Italy. From this fact it can be seen that the public at large have not benefited by the spoliation of the Church, just as in England, when the Government took away her property, the abbey-houses and lands were given by the Crown to a few noblemen and military knights, and the people at large got nothing except the imposition of a most expensive and degrading poor law, in exchange for the good shelter and hospital relief heretofore so freely afforded by means of the revenues in the hands of the clergy. The Sardinians will experience precisely the same thing very soon, for up to this moment no one has been told to what uses the confiscated revenues of the Church have been applied. There is little doubt but the funds have found their way into the private purses of the King and his Minister, and from thence into the hands of the guerilla revolutionists, who are now so agreeably employed in creating that species of disorder, during which the honest and industrious portion of a community generally lose all, and the worthless individuals thrown to the surface by such convulsion, gain a great deal.

In this view of the matter we say that instead of benefitting the people of Italy, it is likely that the war will end in transferring some more of her territory to the money-grinding rule of Victor Emanuel and some millions of her people to the sway of a Bonaparte such as Prince Napoleon. In this case, however, as in the Crimean war, the Prince has a proper regard

for his own safety, and keeps at a respectful distance from such bloody fields as those of Montebello and Magenta. Indeed, we find that Tuscany has already lost her constitution and is ruled by an officer of the King of Sardinia, who has paraded the people of Florence before the Prince, who entered that city in a sort of royal state, and remains there without moving towards the seat of war, or permitting his embryo subjects a chance of fighting for the "unity of Italy," as it has been termed.

Parma has also lost its constitution, and we see, by our last files from Europe, that Victor Emanuel has announced from Milan that "Lombardy is annexed to Piedmont." This is a most extraordinary form in which to proclaim an Italian Republic, and a curious mode of affording the people an opportunity of proving that they are fit for self-government. Is Lombardy annexed to Piedmont by the announcement referred to? We think not, for, in the first instance, we deny that the municipality of any city has a right to transfer the government; and next, we say that no member of the Municipal Corporation has affixed his name to the paper inviting the Emperor and King to enter the place after the fight at Magenta. There is no doubt but the two monarchs waited for such a request to be made, in order, if possible, to give the world some proof that they were justified in such a step, but, curiously enough, they print the paper while they omit the names of the seven all-powerful Corporators who assumed the privilege of speaking in the name of the people of Lombardy, in the same ridiculous fashion as the three tailors of Tooley street, London, did when they headed the paper with the words, "We, the People of England." Had any one member of the Corporation of Milan signed the document his name would have at once been published in *The Paris Moniteur* and the official journal of Turin, but we are pretty well assured that none of them did so, and that the seven names mentioned as attached to the invitation to the Emperor and King to enter, are the names of the members of the revolutionary Junta formed in and around the town in 1848, who were ready at a moment's warning—all expenses being paid—to call in any person who possessed sufficient power to create a temporary confusion and give free license to the exercise of every bad passion. We may ask, *en passant*, what would be thought of any of the members of our own Corporation attempting to speak in the name of all their fellow-citizens and transferring our charter rights to another town or State, just as interest or design dictated? We can readily answer that such a movement, if dreamed of, would not be endured, and yet this is the situation in which the allied adventurers want to place the people of Lombardy, and which we, American freemen, are called on to applaud.

The act cannot avail, for the Lombard people are very well aware of the actual and material benefits which they have enjoyed under the rule of Austria, ever to wish in reality to become the subjects of such a rule as that afforded by the petty policy of the House of Savoy. Under the imperial rule of Austria we find that Lombardy has been traversed in all directions by a most magnificent network of railroads and canals, that the propagation of the mulberry tree and product of silk has progressed year after year in a great ratio, that an unequalled system of land irrigation has been established, and it is a fact now well known on 'Change in New York, and in every respectable commercial centre in the city, that at this moment the east trade in silk carried on between the United States and Lombardy is greatly disturbed by the war, and that the price of that article, so essential to our people now, is likely to be enhanced four-fold by the selfish action of the pseudo liberator of Italy. In this manner

it is that—as we have said—industrious people suffer from the acts both of infidels and revolutionists.

In this connection we may safely appeal to the description of Lombardy just published in *The Paris Debats*. The writer says:

There, upon a length from east to west of nearly 600 kilometres, and with an average breadth from north to south of about 150 kilometres, an area is formed of more than 1,000 square myriametres, that enjoys a delicious climate, that is quickened by the great artery of the Po, together with its tributaries, and by a system of unequalled irrigation, that is covered too, through the beneficent influence of the winds, with a variety of terrace falling from the mountains around, with an alluvial soil so fertile as to yield eight crops a year; so bountiful has Nature seemingly desired to be to this privileged land, the true garden of Europe.

This may have been written with the design of stimulating the French to the conquest of a country, but still the fact of the farmers raising eight crops a year proves that the Lombardo-Venetian territory has not been much impoverished by the Government of Austria.

As to the effect of the Austrian rule in Milan, we may be permitted to quote the testimony of M. Valery, a Frenchman and Librarian of the Royal Library at Versailles and Trianon, who speaks thus of it in his *"Travels in Italy,"* published in 1842. He says:

Notwithstanding the accusation of *The Edinburgh Review* and the general opinion, the absolute government of Austria, is, in a government of the circumstances in the ordinary acceptance of the word. After Scotland, perhaps, popular education is more encouraged, and more widely spread there than in any country in Europe. The Scotch parish schools are known and praised by everybody, but there has been little enough said of the Austrian. These schools, founded by Maria Theresa, were extended in 1810 to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; and every parish, however small, must have its school or contribute to the support of that which admits its children. The effects of this general education are very perceptible in Lombardy, and one may hope to see a very fine expression of the Emperor's realized theory. When advised to establish an extraordinary jurisdiction for that province on account of the too great mildness of the Austrian laws, he refused; he contended that his code would some day become as beneficial there as in Austria by the progress of civilization, and nothing more was required but its amendment. "What the people can read," said he, "they will no longer kill."

As to liberty of conscience, I doubt whether it is anywhere more religiously respected; there is not the least semblance there of priestly interference in government, and, by an unnecessary exertion of authority, the preachers have been interdicted from declaiming against heresy.

The introduction of infant schools took place in 1838. In the month of May, 1857, there were four of them, receiving more than three hundred children; and this number was then about to be doubled. Singing is taught in them, and the children execute moral and religious melodies, which sometimes are not without benefit to their parents also. The administration courts the assistance of new and different means of social improvement; vaccination is generally practised; a savings bank, and a fire insurance company have been established at Milan; the spirit of association is progressing every day; the land registry office, which is continued uninterrupted, occupies the old convent of the Jesuits, and statistical professorships have been founded at Pavia and Padua. This foreign government is decidedly rigorous on some points, but it is not that rough, severe and savage despotism advanced by Gallani.

Is any one credulous enough to believe that either France or Sardinia could or would do as much for the city, even if the people ratified the so-called "annexation" to Piedmont.

The history of the doings of the French in Italy under Napoleon the First, which the present Emperor is endeavouring to repeat, proves that the then rulers of that country, even although the intentions of the people were good, have done little for human liberty there, and we fear very much that under Napoleon the Third the French people at large will have cast on the then undesired title of being disturbers of religion.

The Emperor Napoleon is a man of the most selfish ambition, and perhaps, an unsettled conscience, and there is small doubt but he envied very much the grand military display and armed panorama which attended the coronation of the present Czar of Russia and wished to repeat it in France with greater éclat, and at the same moment place the crown of that country on his as yet unadorned head. Had the Pope, in that spirit of submission to which it is now sought to reduce him, volunteered to go to Paris and solemnly baptise the hero of the *coup d'état* as a legitimate monarch it is most likely we would never have heard of the present war, but when he did not do so it is thought good by the worldly wise to despoil him of his independence

and thus render him, as they think, more subservient to royalty, no matter how it has been attained. That this is the object of Napoleon at this moment is easily seen in the almost rabid tone with which some officers already speak of the property of the Church. A superior officer passing through Paris lately on his way to the "Quartier General," to see Marshal Vaillant [who is himself a Protestant] met one of his friends in a café, and was asked by him what would be the result of the war, and whether Italy's present Government would be reconstituted? The officer answered that the opinion of those behind the scenes was that the whole of the north of Italy, including Lombardy, would be made into a Piedmontese kingdom; Central Italy converted into the kingdom of Etruria, with Jerome Napoleon as King, and the two Sicilies placed under the Murat dynasty. The friend then said, "What will you leave for the Sovereign Pontiff?" "Oh! assuredly the Cross," replied the man, shaking hands with his friend, and mounting his horse.

We wish that the people who speak and write so flippantly to advise a spoliation of the Church, would tell us who is to have the property hereafter, or if it is to be merely taken away and pocketed by the strongest, in the same manner as the highwayman appropriates the proceeds of his *raids* on the purses of honest travellers.

Napoleon the Third pretends to be sincere in his belief as to the capabilities of the peoples of Italy for self-government, and is at the same moment a fervent worshipper of the traditions of his uncle. The French historian, Antonio Gallenga, speaking of the sham republics of the first empire, the Cis-Padane and Cis-Alpine, says:

"Napoleon scarcely disguised his sovereign contempt for these democracies. He boasted in his proclamations that liberty was 'a gift to the Italians, but it was, nevertheless, sold to them at a terribly high rate, and no conquered land was treated with greater harshness than emancipated Italy; no less than one hundred and twenty-five millions of francs were laid in one year as a direct contribution upon the different states in the Peninsula, and at least three hundred millions more were exacted, by way of subsidies and supplies to the French armies, only from the northern division of the country; whilst the more deeply and wantonly to wound their national feelings, the miserable vaunt of their former excellence in art was wrested from the Italians; the wonders of genius, the dearest monuments and memorials of the past, all that might be of any worth in galleries, archives and libraries, departed from a land that could not, would not, stand up for their defence; nay, more, the illusion of the dearly bought liberty was not allowed to soothe the sorrows of the plundered and outcast people, for the conqueror, unmindful of the blood that ran in his veins, called them 'a base, abject set of cravens, totally unfit for freedom.' He complained that he had not in his army, whilst the fate of Italy was at stake, 'a single fighting Italian, for the fifteen hundred rascals who had been taken out of the lazy rabble of the towns were good for nothing but plunder.' He therefore compelled these flimsy republics to frame constitutions and to alter them at his own stern dictation. He curtailed and rounded off their territories to suit his own convenience or caprice, and delivered over his most ardent partisans, the Venetian democrats, to Austria, when the confidence of them and the difficulties which they were in the way of diplomatic arrangements."

Let our people and the real friends of Italy ponder on the above facts seriously, and we are sure they will come to the conclusion that the Allies are not, in reality, favorable to Religion and Liberty in Italy.

CONFIRMATIONS IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation in the Cathedral on Corpus Christi, to between six and seven hundred persons, of whom the large majority were under sixteen years of age. The girls were tastefully attired in white, and the boys were also neatly dressed. The Archbishop delivered a brief and appropriate discourse before administering the Sacrament, which was witnessed by a large congregation.

On last Sunday the Archbishop visited Yonkers and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about three hundred persons. He also preached at the last Mass.

CONFIRMATION IN ST. PETERS.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes will preach in St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on Sunday next, at High Mass, and administer Confirmation in the afternoon of the same day at this church.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

ANOTHER VICTORY OF THE ALLIES.

BATTLE OF MALEGNANO.

The Emperor of Austria will Command his Army in Person.

Belligerent Movement of Prussia.

DEFEAT OF THE DERRY MINISTRY.

Since our last issue three steamers have arrived at this port—the Anglo-Saxon, which left Liverpool June 8; the Bremen, from Southampton June 14th, and the Nova Scotian with news to the 15th. We have intelligence by these of a desperate battle at Malegnano, in which the Allies were again victorious. The following are the details of the news:

IRELAND.

THE NEW IRISH MAIL STEAM PACKETS.—On Saturday June 4, the casting took place of the fourth cylinder for the two pairs of engines manufacturing at the works of Messrs. James Watt & Co., Soho, Birmingham, for the new mail steamers that are to run between Holyhead and Kingstown. Shortly after 2 o'clock the foreman of the casting department, having ascertained that everything was ready, gave directions to allow the molten iron to flow from the furnaces toward the casting. Seven and twenty tons of the fiery liquid thus let loose flowed to the reservoir, where, upon a given signal, a sluice gateway opened, and the iron rushed into the gigantic mould prepared for its reception. This part of the operation was watched with intense interest, as any fault or miscalculation on the part of the fifty operatives employed upon it would have involved the repetition of the whole process on its commencement. Happily, however, no such occurrence took place, and the operation was as completely successful as when the casting of the three previous cylinders took place. The moulded metal will take three days to cool, when it will be taken out and placed in the fitting shop to undergo the next step in its manufacture. It is confidently expected that the vessel now constructing by Mr. J. Lind of Birkenhead, for their reception, will be ready for service in 1860; and that, under favorable circumstances, the vessel will attain great speed; fully 20 miles an hour can be reckoned upon, thus reducing the distances in the transit from port to port to about three hours and a half.

MEETING OF THE KILKENNY COUNTY CLUB.—A meeting of the Kilkenny County Club was held at the Rose Hotel on Thursday last. As the day was a holiday only a few clergymen were able to attend. Present: Venerable Archbishop O'Shea, in the chair; Very Rev. Dr. Alward, P. P. Castlecomer; J. Lyons, Sandfordcourt; J. T. Lalor, Castlekenney; J. Jacob, Castlekenney; Hugh Jones, Knocktoher; George Delaney, Higginsstown; John Forrestal, Castleblain; Martin Coghlan, Balagh; James Doyle, Clashwillow; Henry Moore, Gowran; Michael Hart, Rathascash; Martin Keefe, Ballyriddan; Peter O'Keefe, Skakinboyes; James Healy, Garryduff; James Brennan, Duncannaggin, Esq., and several others, including Kyrren Brennan and William Kenely, Hon. Secs. The following new members were proposed and elected: Hugo Jones, Esq., Mr. Cody, and Mr. Brien, Jenkinsstown; Mr. Brennan, Ballyshale; and several others who do not wish their names to appear at present.

The Very Rev. Dr. Aylward then rose, and in a short but appropriate speech proposed that a dinner be given to George Henry Moore, Esq., as a return for the service he rendered to the Independent cause in this country, by his unwearied exertions and glorious eloquence. John Lyons, Esq., Sandfordcourt, said he had much pleasure in seconding the motion. The motion was carried without a single dissenting voice, and the 29th of June was fixed for the dinner, subject, of course, to Mr. Moore's convenience. Mr. Willacy was then requested to communicate with Mr. Moore on the subject, and the following Committee were appointed to carry out the arrangements: Ven. Archdeacon O'Shea; Very Rev. Dr. Aylward; Alderman D. Smithwick; John Lyons, Esq.; T. J. Lalor, Esq.; Hugo Jones, Esq., and Kyrren Brennan and William Kenely, Honorary Secretaries. Mr. Kenely next brought the question of the Registries before the meeting, and several gentlemen agreed with Mr. Kenely that if the question had been properly attended to it would save at least two or three hundred votes for the Independent party. After a lengthy discussion it was resolved that a committee of three or four be appointed in each parish, to watch the registry in their districts, for the purpose of guarding the interests of the people. The question of forming Parish

Clubs was brought under consideration, but was reserved till next meeting. The members of the club were never more sanguine of success, and they now see that if the south of the county had been as well worked as other parts, even Mr. Ellis could not have been beaten. After transacting other business of a private nature the meeting separated to meet again on the Feast of Corpus Christi. The Moore Banquet Committee meet next Thursday. [Kilkenny Journal.]

SMITH O'BRIEN'S WELCOME HOME.—After a rapid, but what we are sure must have been a pleasant trip through the United States of America and part of Canada, William Smith O'Brien has returned to his native land, the shores of which he touched on Thursday last. We hope to learn that his health and strength have profited by his excursion, as we are certain his patriotic heart must have been gratified by the scenes he saw around him wherever he turned his steps, in the New World. There, because that he had dared and suffered for Ireland, and never, when oppression most sorely tried him, swerved an inch from the high and noble principles for which he staked his life—there, for these reasons, he was honored by all men, and almost worshipped by his own countrymen. Kind farewells and enthusiastic welcomes went with him, and met him on his way as he traversed the enormous expanse of the American Union; and even after he had embarked for Ireland, when the vessel's steam was up, and while her paddles hurried her through the water away from the shores of America, in another ship, side by side with the vessel in which he sailed, went hundreds of his countrymen for miles away to sea, and bade him their last farewells on the bosom of the Atlantic. A King—and not a bad one either—might pass among his people with fewer demonstrations of respect and affection, than those which were paid to William Smith O'Brien during his progress through America. Royal receptions are often made to order. Royal addresses and deputations are procured and attended by persons whose places of great or petty emolument under the Crown render such proceedings acts of prudence, if not of necessity; but there was no occasion for the Irish people in America to flock around William Smith O'Brien if their hearts did not urge them to do so; yet when he was welcomed and greeted by many thousands of his countrymen waiting to welcome him, to address him, and to listen to his replies, as if every word he spoke was good news to their hearts. To one less kind by nature than he, these attentions would have, at length, become fatiguing, and would often have been declined; but though often weary from the toils of travel, he never refused to gratify those who came to see and hear him, and press his hand. Long will his visit be remembered in America. The sons' sons of those who thronged around and greeted him on American soil, will hear his name spoken in accents of kindness and affection, and speak of him with respect.

Hoping, again, that he has returned to his native land improved in health and spirits, we bid him cordially and heartily welcome home. [Dublin Nation.]

The late William Fagan, Esq., M. P. for Cork, has left an estate of £2,000 a year, and £51,000 to his second son. His eldest son is attached to a convent on the Continent.

Castle-Connell, abounding with magnificent scenery at both sides of the Shannon, and sparkling rivulets of surpassing beauty, is now much frequented, and promises to be a favorite and fashionable resort during the summer. Anglers from England are fast pouring in.

The screw steamer *Adelaide* arrived at Galway on Tuesday, after a run of six days thirteen hours from St. John's—ten days from New York. She brings sixty first-class passengers; fourteen second, and 130 third. The news out by last mail announcing the actual hostilities in Italy had created the most intense excitement. Volunteers were spoken of in New York.

DEATH FROM DROWNING.—A very melancholy occurrence took place recently at Trilbolgan. A young gentleman named Faulkner, in the employment of Mr. John Daly, draper, Great George's street, having gone to Trilbolgan on a pleasure trip, went to bathe in the sea, with other young men who had accompanied him from the city. While swimming he was observed to sink, and as he did not reappear above the water, his friends became alarmed for his safety, and, having procured a boat, put out to the spot where he had sunk. After some time he was picked up, and brought to the shore, but every effort to restore animation proved ineffectual. The deceased was a native of Scotland, and was in Cork about two or three months, having come here from an establishment in Dublin. [Cork Examiner.]

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—Sir James Deasy, at the recent meeting in Wil-

lie's Rooms, thus accounts in a few words for the Irish Tory majority.—Serjeant Deasy then came forward, and wished to say a word for Ireland. He regretted to say, for the first time since the Reform Bill, Ireland had returned a majority of Tories. He must say that that result was in a great degree to be attributed to the short-coming of the former Liberal Governments towards Ireland. They relied too much on the hereditary opposition of the great majority of the Irish people to the Tories, and thought that in consequence they might safely decline complying with the wishes of the majority. The result of the last election showed plainly that that was a mistake, and he hoped that mistake would be made by any new Government. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") He thought that he and the other Irish members of Parliament who had cordially co-operated with the Liberal party were entitled to some consideration, and he thought it his duty to state distinctly to the two noble lords—and to the meeting, that unless the short-comings of preceding Governments were corrected by the new Liberal Government, he would be obliged to leave for him and the other Irish Liberal members of Parliament to continue long to support it and to retain their seats as representatives of popular constituencies.

ENGLAND.

The eighteenth Parliament was formally inaugurated by the Queen on the 7th inst., on which occasion she addressed the Commons as follows:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: I have directed a bill to be prepared for giving effect, so far as the aid of Parliament may be required, to certain suggestions of the Commissioners whom I had appointed to inquire into the best mode of efficiently manning the Royal Navy; and I recommend this important subject to your immediate attention.

Measures of legal and social improvement, the progress of which in the late Parliament, was necessarily interrupted by the dissolution, will again be brought under your consideration.

I should with pleasure give my sanction to any well-considered measure for the amendment of the laws which regulate the representation of my people in Parliament; and should you be of opinion that the necessity for giving your immediate attention to measures of urgency, relating to the defence and financial condition of the country, will not leave you sufficient time for legislating with due deliberation during the present season on a subject at once so difficult and so extensive, I trust that at the commencement of the next session your earnest attention will be given to a question of which an early and satisfactory settlement would be greatly to the public advantage.

I feel assured that you will enter with zeal and diligence on the discharge of your Parliamentary duties, and I pray that the result of your deliberations may tend to secure to the country the continuance of peace abroad, and progressive improvement at home.

Lord Derby's government was subsequently defeated by a majority of thirteen in the Commons on a "want of confidence" motion on the address in reply to the Queen's speech.

The Ministry resigned, and Lord Palmerston was engaged in forming a Cabinet. Lord John Russell will take the Foreign Office. Kumor gives the Earl of Eglinton the Colonial Secretaryship. Mr. Cobden the Presidency of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Gladstone the Secretaryship for India.

AUSTRIA.

The Monitor says that the statement put forth by certain journals that the Papal Nuncio has officiated at Vienna in the religious ceremony of calling down the protection of Heaven on the Austrian arms is untrue.

FRANCE.

It is reported that the French fleet for the Adriatic received large reinforcements yesterday, and it is expected that a landing of troops will soon be attempted on the coast between Venice and Trieste. Large reinforcements were about to leave France for the army.

RUSSIA.

An imperial ukase, just published at St. Petersburg, makes some important ameliorations in the position of the Jews in Russia, and attests the enlightened and liberal spirit of the Emperor Alexander. The value of the concessions obtained may be gathered from the fact that they embrace, as we are assured, all the principal points for which Sir Moses Montefiore asked, upon a visit to St. Petersburg some years ago. They include the ad-

mission of Jews into the high trading guilds, as well as into the Russian colleges, &c.

PRUSSIA.

The London Herald publishes a Berlin despatch that six Prussian corps d'armées are mobilized. It says:

Of course this means war. The advent of Lord Palmerston to power has evidently induced Prussia to take this decisive step, and to join Austria in the struggle against France. The English papers will now perceive the truth of what we have before stated, that Lord Derby's government alone preserved Europe from a general war.

ITALY.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

The following are the Allied and Austrian bulletins respecting the battle at Malignano:

FRENCH REPORTS.

MILAN, June 9.

After the victory of Magenta, the Austrians made a precipitate flight from Milan, leaving in the citadel 41 bronze cannon, a great quantity of ammunition, and provisions in abundance, retreating towards Lodi and Pavia. On the 8th his Majesty the Emperor gave orders to Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers to occupy the position of Malignano, (Marignano), whence we menaced, at the same time, two of the retreating columns of the enemy; but the Austrians, who fully comprehended all the importance of holding Malignano to cover their retreat, taking advantage of the remains of the fortifications surrounding the town, had strongly barricaded themselves therein.

Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, who arrived before the place at 4 o'clock, immediately gave orders for the attack in front by the divisions of Bazaine and Admiral, while at the same moment the division of Gen. Forey was ordered to turn the place. The battle lasted at least three hours.

The enemy opposed a most energetic resistance to the efforts of our soldiers, and were dislodged by the bayonet from intrenchment to intrenchment, and from house to house, and only withdrew at 7 in the evening, leaving the place covered with dead, one of their cannons in our possession, and about a thousand prisoners.

This splendid result, however, has been dearly purchased, our loss amounting to 50 officers and 800 men killed and wounded.

We learn at this moment that the Austrians have evacuated Pavia and Lodi, and re-crossed the Adda, destroying the bridges.

AUSTRIAN REPORTS.

VERONA, June 10 (via Vienna.)

The following is official:

"On the 8th of June Gen. Urban, at Canonica, and the 8th Corps d'Armée, at Malignano, were engaged in sanguinary fights. The enemy, in greatly superior force, appears to be advancing from Milan, and the Austrian army has therefore passed the Adda in good order, and is nearing the reinforcements in reserve. The courage of our troops is unbroken, and they are longing for a decisive battle.

VIENNA, June 12.

The following official news has been received:

"Benedek's corps was again attacked at Malignano on the 9th. Loss between 200 and 800 men."

VIENNA, Monday.

The Austrian Correspondence of this evening contains the following:

"The Austrians, at the battle of Malignano, yielded only to the decidedly superior force of the enemy, and retired unpursued in perfect order."

Piacenza has been evacuated by the Austrian troops, and the walls and citadel have been blown up.

The garrison was successful in joining the chief body of the army.

The war steamer Curtatone arrived on the 12th inst. in Zara from Ancona, bringing the news that the Austrians had evacuated that town.

The Times Paris correspondent says:—"There are rumors in military circles that the Emperor's return to Paris may be looked for soon, and that perhaps Marshal Pelissier will get the command-in-chief of the army of Italy."

The Paris correspondent to The London Post says:—"The news from Vienna is warlike. The Emperor Francis Joseph will take the command of the army himself, acting on the defensive, it is believed, and taking up the line of the Adda.

PROCLAMATIONS OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

The following proclamations have been issued by the Emperor of the French:

TO THE PEOPLE OF ITALY.

The fortune of war bringing me into the capital of Lombardy, I come to tell you why I am here.

When Austria made its unjust attack on Piedmont, I resolved to support my ally, the Sardinian King; the honor and interest of France made it a point of duty.

Your foes (who are mine) have tried to lessen the universal sympathy all Europe felt in your cause by giving out that I only made war for personal ambition or to aggrandize the French territory. If there are men who cannot understand the epoch they live in I am not of that number.

In a sound state of public opinion, at this time of day, men become greater by the moral influence they exert than by barren conquests. I seek with pride that moral influence by contributing to render free the most beautiful land in Europe.

Your welcome has proved that you fully understand me. I come not here with a pre-arranged plan to dispossess Sovereigns, or to impose on you my will. My army will have two works to perform—fight your enemies and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised to the free manifestations of your legitimate wishes. Providence often favors nations as it does individuals, by offering them the opportunity of sudden greatness; but it is on condition of their knowing how to avail themselves of it wisely. Earn, then, the boon now offered you. Your desire for independence so long put forth, so often baffled, shall be realized if you show yourselves worthy of it. Unite, then, one and all, in one great object—the deliverance of your native land. Adopt military organization; rally round the standards of King Victor Emanuel, who has indicated to you so nobly the path of honor. Remember that without discipline there is no army; and, burning with the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers today, to become to-morrow free citizens of a great country.

NAPOLEON.

Headquarters, Milan, June 8, 1859.

The London Morning Post publishes the following despatch, dated Paris June 14.

On the 12th the Emperor removed his headquarters to Gorgonzola. In the afternoon His Majesty personally superintended the throwing of two brigades of boats over the Adda. The operation, which presented serious difficulties, was perfectly effected. As soon as the brigades were completed the army began its movement, which was to be concluded yesterday. After some heavy rains the weather has again become fine, and the troops are in high spirits.

The King of Sardinia has issued an order of the day extolling Garibaldi, and awarding him a gold medal of the military order.

The Austrians have definitely evacuated Pavia, and are said to be at Lodi. The allied armies are advancing. Gen. Garibaldi occupied Bergamo on the morning of the 8th, and then, having learned that 1,500 Austrians were coming from Brescia, sent a detachment to meet them, which, though inconsiderable in number, nevertheless beat the enemy.

Garibaldi's corps threatens the Southern Tyrol, from Val Canonica, Val Troupia and Bagolino.

PAPAL STATES.

TURIN, Sunday, June 12.

Last night the Austrians left Bologna, taking the direction of Modena.

After their departure a public demonstration took place, expressing the sense of the public favor of the national cause.

The Patriot says that Austrians have completely evacuated the States of the Church.

BOILING LOBSTERS.—We may thus explain the change of color in the lobster on being boiled, a transformation which served the witty author of "Hudibras" as a simile:

"Now, like a lobster boiled, the morn

From black to red began to turn."

The shell of the lobster is imbued with a black, or bluish black pigment, secreted by the true skin, which also gives out the calcareous matter after each moult, so that lime and pigment are blended together. This pigment becomes red (pale or intense) in water at the temperature of 212 degrees Fahr., and the same effect is produced by the action of alcohol, ether and various acids.

Women can easily preserve their youth, for she who cultivates the heart and understanding never grows old.

Horrible Railroad Accident in Indiana—Thirty-three Persons Killed and Sixty Injured.

Just as we were going to press the news of a terrible railroad accident has reached this city. It occurred on the night of the 27th ultimo, on the Michigan Southern Railroad, near the Bend, Indiana. The stream where it took place is naturally a small rivulet, but was much swollen by heavy rains the previous evening, and the flood of wood which passed down probably choked the current, converting the embankment into a dam, and the great weight of water, with the concussion of the passing train, caused the sad calamity.

There were about one hundred and fifty persons on the train. Thirty-three persons were taken from the ruins dead, and fifty or sixty others wounded.

The killed, as far as their names have been ascertained, are:—

Mr. Hartwell, express messenger.
The engineer and fireman, both named Chulp.
Mr. Barrington, baggage master.
C. W. Smith, road master.
Mrs. E. G. Gillett and child, and Stone Mills, of New York.

Thomas Mishan, of Michigan city.
The following are the names of the wounded, as far as ascertained:—

Fred. Miller, of Holmesville, Ind.
Augustus White, of Holmesville, Ind.
E. M. Knapp, of Hudson, Wisconsin.
Miss Hattie Knapp, of Auburn.
J. K. Gardner, of Jonesville, Mich.
Charles Sherman, of Boston.
Wm. Flannery, of Ainsworth, Ill.
P. Myers, of Ainsworth, Ill.
P. Quinn of Ainsworth, Ill.
C. Anderson of Ainsworth, Ill.
W. R. Anderson of Ainsworth, Ill.
A. D. Piser of Chicago.
D. P. Rhodes of Cleveland.
Miss Moore of Freeport.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gurry of Brooklyn.
C. Jackson, Waukesha, Wis.
Miss C. Nielder, Waukesha, Wis.
Messrs. Walworth (father and son), Adrian, Michigan.

C. Bennett of Adrian, Mich.
Oscar Warpeton.
M. H. Regan, lady and daughter, of Rockford, Ill.
S. C. Rose of Coldwater.
W. G. Hawk of Charleston, Va.
C. Yaw and lady, of Otsego County, N. Y.
A. Van Syck, wife and four children, of Warren, Ohio—himself and one child seriously.

Stephen H. Arnold of Decatur, Iowa.
Mary Coates of Youngstown, Ohio.
Miss D. D. Porter of Hudson, Mich.
The following were not injured:
R. W. Tait, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.
E. A. Gurley, Addison, Vt.
Henry Cress, Philadelphia.
Calvin Hogan, Milwaukee.

The train was running between ten and twenty miles an hour. The train going West passed over the embankment safely three hours before the accident.

Conductor Osgood arrived in this city this afternoon, slightly hurt, but was unable to furnish any of the names of the killed.

ORDINATIONS.

On Tuesday of this week—the Feast of St. Ireneus, martyr—the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York conferred minor Orders and Sub-deaconship at St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, on the following students of that institution:—Messrs. George A. Rimsal, Joseph P. Woods, Peter Ferrall and Oliver O'Hara, of the New York Diocese; together with Messrs. Francis Lenihan, Philip Daly and Philip Sheridan, of the Hartford Diocese.

On Thursday, the Octave of Corpus Christi, the same Rev. gentlemen received Deaconship from the hands of His Grace.

To-day (Saturday), Festival of the Visitation of Our Blessed Lady, Rev. Messrs. John Orsenigo, Rimsal, Woods and Ferrall will be elevated to the sacred dignity of Priesthood by the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the Seminary Church at Fordham. Rev. Messrs. Lenihan, Sheridan and Daly will be ordained Priests in Providence, R. I., by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland.

CREOSOTE VS. SEA SICKNESS.—We read in a letter to The Times: "If the efficacy of this simple remedy—six or seven drops of creosote, taken on loaf sugar as often as required—were better known, numbers, no doubt, who dare not venture upon the water, would avail themselves of the pleasures of a trip by water as freely as they do now by land."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

A Historical Account of "the Stations."

Prepared expressly for The Record.

[CONCLUSIONS.]

With respect to the pictures which are made use of, and French writer observes, "that the Way of the Cross is one of the principal ornaments of a church. It not merely serves for this purpose, but it is also a constant sermon, for it places before us the most touching scenes of the passion of our Lord, and as religion is based on the mystery of redemption, it may be said that these Stations of the Cross are a complete course of religious instruction, which move the heart at the same time that they elevate the soul and raise it to the thoughts of a better world than this. To effect this the paintings should be made in conformity with Christian art. They should not speak merely to the eye, or flatter the imagination like other pictures, which have nothing sacred about them, and which excite worldly thoughts instead of inspiring holy and pious desires. They should be executed in such a manner that the pious Catholic who makes this devotion has only to fix his eyes on the pictures to have all the scenes of our Lord's sufferings recalled to his mind. It seems, however, that Stations of the Cross, like those we have ventured to describe, are very rare, and that bad taste is often shown in the selecting of them than in anything else connected with the Church. They are calculated rather to excite laughter than to inspire devotion, and the best thing one can do, when he is making the Stations of the Cross, is to turn his eyes away, so that he may not be distracted and his prayers and devotions disturbed by the grotesque figures which bad taste has multiplied everywhere. Persons generally like to have something that will strike the eye, and this they wish to procure for the least possible expense. They go to some inexperienced painter, who produces fourteen pictures which are remarkable for their glare and the contrast of colors. There is plenty of red, green and blue. There are also positions and theatrical attitudes enough, but the painter does not deem it necessary to give real life-like expression to the figures which he has intended to represent."

As a supplement to what we have already stated respecting the Way of the Cross, something will be mentioned respecting the "Rosaries of the Holy Land."

Innocent II, by a brief dated January 28, 1688, granted special indulgences to all who have Rosaries that have touched the Holy Land. A plenary indulgence on the principal festivals of the year to those who are accustomed to recite at least once a week the Rosary of our Lord, or of the Blessed Virgin, or the Office, or the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms, or the gradual Psalms, or who teach the Christian doctrine, or visit prisoners, or the sick in the hospitals, or give alms to the poor, or hear Mass. These works must be done at least once a week. Confession and communion are required to gain the Plenary Indulgence, and prayers must also be offered up for the intention of the Pope, who has granted the indulgence. The following are the festivals on which this may be gained: Christmas, Epiphany, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, Corpus Christi, the Purification, the Annunciation, the Assumption, and the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Nativity of St. John the Baptist, the festivals of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. James, St. John, St. Thomas, St. Philip and St. James, St. Bartholomew, St. Matthew, St. Simon and St. Jude, St. Matthias, and all Saints. If the same works are done, on other feasts of our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin, an indulgence of seven years and of seven quarantines; on a Sunday or other festivals of the year, five years and five quarantines and one hundred days, on any other day of the year. Whoever, when about to die, recommends his soul in a devout manner to God, and invokes the name of Jesus, and is truly penitent, and has gone to confession, or if he cannot do so, is at least penitent, will gain a Plenary Indulgence. Whoever offers up prayers as a preparation before Mass or Holy Communion, or before reciting the Holy Office, or the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, will gain fifty days indulgence. Whoever visits prisoners or the sick in the hospitals, and succors them by some work of piety, or teaches the Christian doctrine in a church or in his own house, will

gain one hundred days indulgence. Whoever says the Rosary once a month, or the Office of the Blessed Virgin, or the Office of the Dead or Vespers, or one *nocturn* or *lauds* of the aforesaid office, or the Seven Penitential Psalms, with the Litany of the Saints and the Prayers, will gain an indulgence of a hundred days, on the day he says those Prayers, in addition to the indulgences granted by Pius V. Whoever, when the church bell rings at the usual hours, will say the *Angelus* and the *De Profundis*, will gain one hundred days indulgence. All who meditate on the Passion of our Lord on a Friday, and say three Hail Marys and three Our Fathers, will gain one hundred days indulgence. Whoever is truly penitent, and examines his conscience, and says three Hail Marys and three Our Fathers, in honor of the Holy Trinity, or of the five wounds of our Lord, will gain one hundred days indulgence. All who pray for the faithful at the hour of death, or say one Hail Mary and one Our Father for them, will gain fifty days indulgence. All these indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory. It is not allowed to sell, or give in exchange, the Rosaries or Crosses of the Holy Land. The indulgences are only granted for the persons to whom the beads are distributed for the first time. This has been enacted by a decree passed March 11, 1721. This appears to be a true list of the Indulgences, all others are forbidden by the Sacred Congregation under the penalty of being placed on the Index.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has at different times commanded the observance of this decree. By order of Benedict XIV, February 14, 1750, Cardinal Guadagni—who was Cardinal Vicar—prohibited the selling, the buying, or the exchanging of crosses and rosaries of the Holy Land, under a penalty of five hundred crowns; and also declared that they became consecrated articles, and lost the indulgence.

In 1839, a Vicar Apostolic in China proposed the following questions to the Congregation of Indulgences:—

1. Do the rosaries of the Holy Land lose their indulgences if they are given away to another person? *In the affirmative, when they are not given either immediately or mediately by a person who has the faculty of distributing them.*
2. After the death of the person to whom they belonged, can another gain the indulgences if he has possession of the crucifix or the rosary? *In the negative; for the indulgences do not pass from the person to whom they first belonged.*
3. If the fastening by which they are united be broken, is the indulgence lost? *In the negative; because the rosaries are still morally the same.*
4. If four or five of the beads be lost, is the indulgence lost? *In the negative, for the reason assigned in the former answer.*
5. If they are lent to a person, in order that he may say the Rosary or gain the indulgence, do they lose the indulgence? *In the negative in the first case; in the affirmative in the second.*

[In the next number of THE RECORD we shall commence a series of articles on the Scapulars, which will be found of much interest to both our clerical and lay readers.]

FAIR AT ST. MATTHEW'S NEW ROCHELLE.

A fair for the benefit of St. Matthews Church, New Rochelle, will be opened at Reber's Hall, near the railroad depot, on the 11th inst., and will continue open during the week. Those who desire to spend a few days at New Rochelle, and to patronize this effort of the ladies connected with St. Matthew's church, will find out the particulars in regard to trains from the advertisement.

IMPORTANT METALLURGICAL DISCOVERY.

It has been lately discovered that an alloy formed of eighty per cent. steel, and twenty per cent. of tungsten, possesses a degree of hardness which has never been attained in the manufacture of steel. This alloy works upon the latter with incredible facility, and can even cut it. Experiments have been made with this new composition at Vienna, at Dresden, and at Neustadt, Ennetwilde, and considerable quantities of the alloy in question are, it is affirmed, being manufactured in that part of the world. Many old tin mines have been bought up, with a view of extracting tungsten ore, and considerable prices have been paid.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A good man in addition, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well, replied, "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

LITERATURE.

AGUECHEEK. Boston: Shepherd, Clark & Brown.

The greater part of these essays and sketches appeared originally in the columns of a Boston paper, from which they have been collected by the author, Mr. Charles B. Fairbanks of Boston, for publication in a more permanent form. We are told in the preface that the sketches of foreign travel have been mostly re-written and several of them are entirely new. It is evident that the writer went to Europe to see with his own eyes and not through other people's spectacles, and therefore this work is not a re-lash from worn-out notions and antiquated prejudices, but the reflex of a thinking mind, and a fruitful result. What he thinks he says, and what he sees he represents truthfully and without distortion. Though not a Catholic he can thrill with solemn awe in entering those glorious cathedrals, founded in the Dark Ages, ere saints and superstition faded before the steaming whistle, like apries and fancies before the shrill clarion "and the coming day. The solemn church's lighted only by the twilight rays and the tapers upon the high altar—the clouding of the fragrant incense—the tinkling of the silver bell, and of the chains of the swinging censer—the veiled forms of the pious Sisterhood, and their young pupils in the graded sanctuary—those ancient and dignified rites and over all the clear angelic voices praying and praising, in litany and hymn "—all these, in the opinion of the author, are not the smallest summe, the learned shallowness loves to call them, but do not form an unintelligible worship but they "combine to make up a worship, one moment of which would seem enough to wipe away the memory of a lifetime of folly, and disappointment and sorrow." Thanks to Mr. Fairbanks' love of ecclesiastical architecture, we get glimpses of the Cathedrals of Antwerp and Brussels, of Marseilles and Paris, of Florence and Genoa, but above all of Rome. He does not give us descriptions, but impressions; we see the effect these glorious places have had on him, and by the infection of sympathy we too glow with enthusiasm, we wonder and admire. When in Rome, walking through the cloisters or gazing on the ancient city, it seems to our author that never before did he appreciate the world's indebtedness to Rome.

"Dislike it as we may," he says, "we cannot disguise the fact that to her every Christian nation owes, in a great measure, its civilization, its literature, and its religion. The endless empire which Virgil's muse foretold, is still there; as, one of her greatest Christian poets said, those lands which were not conquered by her victorious arms are held in willing obedience by her religion. When I think how all our modern civilization, our sciences, and jurisprudence, sprang originally from Rome, it appears to me that a narrow religious prejudice has prevented our forming a due estimate of her services to the human race. The glories of the ancient empire, the memory of the days when her sovereignty extended from Britain to the Ganges, her capital counted its inhabitants by millions, seem to render all her latter history insignificant and dull; but to my mind the moral dignity and power of Christian Rome is as superior to hereditary omnipotence as it is possible for the human intellect to conceive. The great emperors, with all their power, could not carry the Roman name much beyond the limits of Europe; the rulers who have succeeded them have made the world the theatre of their conquests. The great empires, and have built up, by spiritual arms, the mightiest empire that the world has ever seen. For me, Rome's most enduring glories are the moral charities of the times; the great emperors, who defended the sanctity of marriage, and the rights of helpless women against divorce-seeking monarchs and conquerors. These things are the true greatness, which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anchises, when Æneas visits the Elysian Fields, and hears from his old father that the mission of the government he is about to found is to rule the world by moral power, to make peace between opposing nations, to spare the subject, and to subdue the proud."

"Tu regis imperio populos, Romane, memento; Hæc ubi cruentæ, pacis, Romane, moreno; Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbis."

Even the appearance of beggars in the Eternal City does not excite the ire of our traveller; in his admiration of the charity that relieves them, he overlooks the shameful toleration of that modern crime—poverty—in the estimation of our enlightened century, the one unforgettable sin which is apparent in Rome:

"I hear some people complain of the beggars, and wonder why Rome, with her splendid system of charities, should be the scene of so much suffering, permit mendicancy. For myself, I am not inclined to complain either of the beggars or of the merciful government, which refuses to look upon the relief of the sufferers against its law. On the contrary, it appears to me, rather creditable than otherwise to Rome, that she is so far behind the age as not to class poverty with crime among so-called civilized nations. This respect for the poor as having a sincere respect for this feature of the Catholic Church, this regard for the poor as her most precious inheritance, and this unwillingness that her children should think that because she has organized a vast system of benevolence, they are absolved of the duty of private charity. In this wisdom, which thus provides for the exercise of kindly feelings in almsgiving, may be found one of the most attractive features of the Religion of the Church of Rome, less than the austere letters of history which she

has founded, shows in what sense she receives the benediction, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And besides, the poor are equally as to be seen in her churches and cathedrals, where rich and poor kneel upon the same pavement, before their common God and Saviour, and in her cloisters, and universities and schools, where social distinctions cannot enter."

In Rome he is naturally led to reflect on the countless sums that have been expended in erecting sacred edifices, and we are bound to say the conclusion at which he arrives shows a lamentable indifference to, or ignorance of, the sublime principle of political economy. He says:

"I am not one of those who lament over the millions which have been expended on the churches of Rome. I am not inclined to follow the solid principle of that apostle who is generally held up rather as a warning than an example, and says: 'If it had been the same which have been devoted to architectural ornament had been withheld and given to the poor. Religion has no need, it is true, of these visible splendours, and everything that can inspire in the people a respect for something better than ourselves, or remind us of the glories of the invisible, eternal world. And we can doubt that He who created the human mind, and who has so graciously poured the precious ointment upon its sacred head, looks with complacency upon the sacrifices which are made for the adornment of the temples of devotion and worship? Is it a right principle that people who are clad in expensive garments, who are not content unless they are surrounded by carved or enameled furniture, and whose feet tread daily on costly tapestries, should find fault with the generous piety which has adorned the churches of Italy what they are, and should talk so impressively about the beauty of spiritual worship? I have no patience with these advocates of asceticism, who are ever ready to relate to themselves and their own comforts."

"Shall we serve Heaven with less respect Than we do minister to our gross selves?"

After reading the above extract, the following on the subject of Middle Age barbarism, will not surprise our readers:

"It is enough to excite the indignation of any reflective Englishman or American to visit Florence, and to see the remains of a city, which, rather to say contrast—the facts which force themselves upon his attention, with the prejudices implanted in his mind by early education. Surely, he has a right to be astonished, and may be excused if he indulges in a little honest anger, when he looks for the first time at the master-pieces of art which had their origin in those ages which he has been taught to consider a period of ignorance and barbarism. He certainly obtains a new idea of the 'barbarism' of the Middle Ages, when he visits the benevolent institutions which they have bequeathed to us, and when he contemplates the admirable working of the *Compagnie della Misericordia*, which unites all classes of society, from the Grand Duke to his humblest servant, in the benevolent work of relieving the poor. It may be pardoned, too, if he comes to the conclusion that the liberal arts were not entirely neglected in the age that produced a Dante and a Petrarca, a Giotto, a Gaddi, and a Michelangelo. In the host of other names, which may not shine so brightly as these, but are alike superior to temporal accidents—and he cannot be considered unreasonable if he refuses to believe that the ages which witnessed the establishment of universities at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Prague, Bologna, Salamanca, Vienna, Ferrara, Ingolstadt, Louvain, Leipzig, &c., were quite so deeply sunk in darkness and ignorance, as we have been taught to suppose. It is utterly hopeless, as the eulogists of the Nineteenth Century would persuade him. The monuments of learning, art and benevolence with which the countries of the Middle Ages have adorned to those who speak of the times I have alluded to as the 'dark ages,' mean thereby the ages concerning which they are in the dark, and which, as the world is, and may be excused if the sufficiency the ignorance they would impute to the ages when learning and all good arts were the hand-maidens of religion."

From Rome our author passes to France, and in the city of Paris, he sees the Medina of revolutionary history, he sees the procession following the splendours of Rome, and muses on the following:

"I have often been struck with the facility with which the Catholic religion adapts itself to the character of every nation. I have had some opportunity of observation; I have seen the Catholic Church on three out of the four continents, and have everywhere noticed the same phenomenon. Mahometanism could never be transplanted to the snowy regions of Russia or Norway; it needs the soil, an everting atmosphere, Asia to keep it alive; the veranda, the bubbling fountain, the noontide repose, are all parts of it. Puritanism is the natural growth of a country where the sun never shines, and which is shut out by a barrier of water and fog from the Italy of terrore with its neighbors. It could never thrive in the bright south. The merry vine-dresser of France could never draw down their faces to the proper length and would be very unwilling to exchange their blithesome *canonnets* for Stenrold and Hopkins' version. But the Catholic Church, while it unites its professors in the belief of the same doctrine, and in the same national peculiarities. When I see the light-hearted Frenchman, the fiery Italian, the serious Spaniard, the thoughtful German, the dignified Englishman, the energetic Russian, the hard-headed Dutchman, the philosophical German, the formal and respectable Englishman, the thrifty Scotchman, the careless and idle-hearted American, and the calculating, go-ahead American, all bound together by the profession of the same faith, and yet retaining their national characteristics—I can compare them to a single diamond, and I am the more convinced that we may notice in the prism, which, while it is a pure and perfect crystal, is found on examination to contain, in their perfection, all the colors of the rainbow."

In "Aguecheek" we have felt the full force of that forcible French phrase, *l'embarras du richesse*, the only way, we fear, in which we will be

ever called upon to feel it, for every passage is so quotable that the task of selection becomes a difficulty indeed. In one page the Cathedral of Milan, with its thousands of pinnacles and shining statues piercing the clear atmosphere like the peaks of a stupendous "iceberg," attracts your attention; in another, "that noble architectural group, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo;" here you are whirled along the road from Aix to Paris with Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers; there you pay a visit to the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, in the Rue du Bac, where our author saw the same gray habit and odd-shaped white bonnet that the Sisters wear in Boston, and where he justly remarks:

"While we praise the self-forgetful heroism of Florence Nightingale as it deserves, let us not forget that France sent out her Florence Nightingales to the Crimea by fifties and hundreds—young and delicate women, hiding their personalities under the common dress of a religious order, casting aside names that would recall their rank in the world, unencouraged in their beneficence by any newspaper paragraphs, and unrewarded save by the sweet consciousness of duty done. The Emperor Alexander, struck by the part played in the Crimean campaign by the Sisters of Charity, has recently asked the Superior of the Order to detail five hundred of the Sisters, for duty in the hospitals of Russia. It is understood that the request will be complied with so far as the number of the Community will permit."

No one can visit Paris without being reminded of Napoleon; every step brings you to a monument, but in the halls of the Louvre a vast and magnificent apartment has been reserved for it as it were into a reliquary for the reception of everything connected with the military idol of Le Grande Nation. Had we space, we would extract the entire passage, but we can only make room for the remarks to which that shrine gave rise:

"Perhaps it may be owing to some weakness in my mental organization, but I cannot acknowledge the propriety of honoring the burial-places of General Generals, and, in doing so, I think the shrines of the saints worthy of nothing but ridicule and desecration. I found myself, a few years ago, looking with grave interest at an old card of the General of the Sisters, which is preserved in the Patent Office at Washington; and I cannot wonder at the reverence which some people pay to the garments of a martyr in the cause of religion. I cannot understand how it may be right and proper to celebrate the birth-days of worldly heroes, and "rank idolatry" to commemorate the self-denying heroes of Christianity. I cannot join in the setting up of statues of Generals and statesmen, and the placing of medals on the breasts of saints by allusions to the enormity of making a "graven image." In fine, if it is right to adorn and reverence the tomb of the Father of his country, and what the heart does not acknowledge its propriety! It certainly cannot be proper to beautify and venerate the tomb of the chief apostle, and the shrines of saints and martyrs who achieved for themselves and their fellow men an independence from a tyranny infinitely worse than that from which Washington liberated America."

The mention of Napoleon reminds one naturally of Baraguay d'Hilliers, and the importance which his active service in the present Hun campaign gives to the old soldier of the first and nine, induces us to extract the following "notice" of the General who was superseded at Magenta:

"I had several times, during the journey from Aix, noticed a tall, eagle-eyed man, in a suit of gray, and wearing a moustache of the same color, and while we were waiting for the train at Caloz, I observed that he noticed that the great deal of attention; his bearing was so commanding, that I had set him down as being connected with the military interest, before I noticed that he did not bear arms, and the left hand of his right hand was empty and useless by his side; so I ventured to inquire concerning him, and learned that I was a fellow traveller of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. I must do him the justice to say that he was as full of life as a lion, and would lead his arms on the field."

In this article we have not touched upon the essays, which we will take up on another occasion.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES OR STORIES OF STRUGGLE OF YORK AND LANCASTER. By J. O. Edgar. New York: Harper & Brothers.

More exciting than a story are these "wars of the roses," the wildest picture cannot furnish anything stranger than the mutations of fortune chronicled in these pages. They are written for boys, and nothing could be better calculated to catch a boyish fancy than these tales of troublous times and wild adventure. The book is illustrated, and of the illustrations we would remark that they are enough to render one thankful for the perfection to which wood-engraving has been carried. We know not if they are copies of ancient woodcuts, or merely representations of what woodcuts were in the infancy of the art, but our love of the antique is second to our love of the beautiful, and therefore we cannot take pleasure in them, although persons of a different way of thinking we have no doubt would consider the illustrations the great charm of the book.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENT. By the Author of "Oliver Twist." The "Olives," with Illustrations by Augustus Moplin. New York: Harper & Brothers. John Halifax is the most perfect of Miss Mulock's novels and well deserves the high rank it has taken in English fictional literature. That the present edition will be soon exhausted there is no doubt, for those who have once read the book will wish to possess a copy. We have received from T. B. Peterson & Co., the "Mansions" and "Anne of Gierstein." Opening the latter at one of Charles the Bold's bursts of

passion, we read on and on, charmed by Scots imitable style as much as if we had never read the tale before, and at the close found ourselves envying the generation for whom these wonderful fictions were written. But as "Time cannot stand infinite variety" they are just as fresh and delightful now as when Scott wrote and Ballantyne published.

TIE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Fanchette Towers," "Doctor Thorne," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an interesting story of English domestic life, varied very judiciously by foreign travel. We are introduced into the very sanctuary of a country vicar's home, where we "sorrowfully see" all the Christian virtues have not been cultivated. The moral of the book, if we read it aright, is the superior happiness of a union founded on esteem and affection, and vice versa.

THE KNICKERBOCKER has but one article on the all-engrossing topic of the day, "The Sent of War," and that rather retrospective than prospective. "New York Illustrated" presents in striking contrast the city as it was and is, the quaint old houses, with their high peaked gables, and the blocks of modern houses, with unpicturesque flat roofs. "Deipnologia Variosa" is an amusing article on a whimsical subject—"the edibilities and potibilities of literature"—in which a good deal of out-of-the-way reading is displayed without seeming at all pedantic. "Young America" is a metrical delineation of that proverbially fast young gentleman, whom it is the fashion now-a-days to denigrate. The "Editor's Table" is crowded with good things. On it we found the following lesson in Natural History, which we more effective than anything Goldsmith or Buffon ever wrote:

NATURAL HISTORY—THE FLAMINGO.

First Voice.

'Oh! tell me have you ever seen a long-legged Flamingo?

'Oh! tell me have you ever seen in the water him go?

Second Voice.

'Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen a long-legged Flamingo,

'Oh! yes, at Bowling-Green I've seen in the water him go?

First Voice.

'Oh! tell me did you ever see a bird so funny standing proper to celebrate the birth-days of worldly heroes, and "rank idolatry" to commemorate the self-denying heroes of Christianity. I cannot join in the setting up of statues of Generals and statesmen, and the placing of medals on the breasts of saints by allusions to the enormity of making a "graven image." In fine, if it is right to adorn and reverence the tomb of the Father of his country, and what the heart does not acknowledge its propriety! It certainly cannot be proper to beautify and venerate the tomb of the chief apostle, and the shrines of saints and martyrs who achieved for themselves and their fellow men an independence from a tyranny infinitely worse than that from which Washington liberated America."

'No! in my life I ne'er did see a bird so funny stand-o.

'When forth he from the water comes and gets upon the land-o?

Second Voice.

'He has a leg some three feet long, or near it, so they say, Sir?

'Stiff upon one alone he stands, 't'other he stows away, Sir?

Second Voice.

'And what an ugly head he's got! I wonder that he'd wear it,

But rather more, I wonder that his long, slim neck can bear it!

First Voice.

'And think, this length of neck and legs (no doubt they have their uses),

Are members of a little frame, much smaller than a goose's!

Both.

'Oh! is n't he a curious bird, that red long-necked Flamingo?

'A water bird, a gawky bird, a singular bird, by Jingo!

That courage is ever allied with tenderness is as true as truth, and in proof of this trite saying we extract the following anecdotes of two modern Generals not unknown to fame:

"Every body must sanction the kindness bestowed by General Jackson on his favorite war horse, and the more than ordinary honor paid him after death by the brave master and family. Why? Because he was a faithful servant and an old helper in the day of trouble—in the hour of danger. I was often reminded of his praiseworthy remembrance of fidelity and meritorious service toward his famous 'Old Duke,' the horse he rode during his Southern campaign. Though 'Duke' grew feeble, was greatly afflicted, withered, and almost helpless, in his latter day, he was not forgotten or suffered to be neglected. I have, in a walk with the General, more than once gone to the lot which contained the living horse of martial valor, and while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wishfully at his master, the General would sighingly say, 'Ah! my poor fellow, we have seen him many a time together; we must shortly separate; your days of suffering and toil are well nigh ended.' On one of these occasions, to try the General on a tender point, I suggested the idea of putting him to rest in the arms of Duke by having him shot or knocked in the head. 'No,' said his generous master, 'never, never!—let him live; and while there is anything grows upon this Duke, shall have a part. I know our friend remember a similar affection on the part of the Duke of Wellington, for an entire troop of horse, which had wintered and summered with him in the long wars of the Peninsula, and he had the habit of Weir's horse? He had them all liberated from further service and sent to Strathfieldsay; and there, in a large and fertile paddock, they were left to live at ease, and tranquilly await that final end which all horse-flesh is heir to. But they could not forget their old 'mission.' Whenever a summer storm came up, and thunder and lightning filled the air, that troop of horses, as if smelling 'the life-af-fair' would form in line, and rush toward the storm-cloud as if they saw the glittering spear and shield, heard the roar of artillery, and 'the noise of the captains and the shouting.'"

Our delightful old friend "Knicker" commences his fifty-fourth year this July, but what of that? He may increase in years, but he can never grow old.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for June opens with an article possessing unusual interest at this juncture. It is entitled "Fleets and Navies—France," and it makes this fact evident, that a dread of French supremacy on the seas is beginning to creep over the public mind of Britain. The present disturbed state of Europe receives its full share of attention, three articles, "War Speculations," "The New Parliament and its Work," and "Our Relations with the Continent," being devoted to that subject. Lord Macaulay is roughly handled in this number for permitting party feeling to interfere with historical truth in his account of Marlborough, in whose defence Blackwood takes the field. This is not the only instance in which the noble historian sacrifices truth to prejudice. The "Luck of Ladsmede" is continued.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Daly, music publisher, Grand street, the "Beatrice," a lively schottische, composed by George R. Cromwell.

Letter from William Smith O'Brien.

Col. Ryan of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, received by a late mail the following letter from Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, thanking himself and those under his command for the public demonstration which was made on the occasion of his departure from this country. We should also state that a letter of almost similar import was received by Judge Conolly, who acted as Grand Marshal of the Irish Civic Societies of this city during the procession:

ON BOARD THE VIGO, May 30, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: On bidding adieu to the shores of America I feel it to be incumbent on me to express to you, and to your comrades in arms, the lively satisfaction which I have derived from finding myself surrounded, on the occasion of my departure from New York, by a large body of Irish citizen soldiers, whose bearing reflected great credit upon their commander, their officers and their country, as well as themselves. It was my earnest desire, when I undertook my excursion to the United States, to travel without any ostentation, and I every where sought (though with little success) to shun public assemblages as much as possible. I confess to you, however, that this desire was entirely subdued by the demonstration of feeling evinced on the day of my departure from America. I rejoice in the success of your efforts to render that occasion an epoch in the history of Irish patriotism. I rejoice in this success not solely on personal grounds, but also because I feel persuaded that such a manifestation of sympathy toward Ireland and its champions cannot fail to produce impressions which will tend to advance the cause of national freedom throughout the world.

On such an occasion the individual who is honored serves to concentrate public feeling; but in my case it was the sentiment which was elicited, rather than the individual on whom the sentiment was concentrated, that gave interest to the display. I am convinced that few Americans witnessed the scene without entertaining increased respect for a people who are animated by such generous emotions, and when they saw a large body of Irishmen under your command, in military order, they must have felt, that in case of necessity, the Republic could rely with confidence upon the bravery, the discipline and the fidelity of these their adopted fellow-citizens.

You know that I have always maintained that the youth of every country ought to be trained to the use of arms. You will therefore not be surprised that I should avail myself of this opportunity to express a hope that the Irish who are resident in America will consider it to be a point of duty to enroll themselves, in whatever manner may be most acceptable to the federal or local authorities, as members of the militia of the United States, and that they will learn not only platoon exercise, but battalion movement. I offer this exhortation not with a view to any particular contingency, but under a conviction that military training gives dignity, as well as power, to manhood, that the estimation and influence of the Irish race wherever its children may be placed, would be increased, if it were known that upon the free soil of America there were two hundred thousand Irishmen capable of defending, in arms, the cause of freedom in any part of the world to which the policy of their adopted country might summon them.

In conclusion allow me to beg that you will offer to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and to the companies which were associated with that Regiment in the proceedings

of last Saturday, my most cordial thanks for their admirable conduct on that occasion.

I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,
WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.
To Colonel Ryan, Commander of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New-York.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS FOR CALVARY Cemetery leave Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 9:15 and 11 A. M., and 1:30, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 6:45, 8:10 and 10:16 A. M., and 1:10, 2:45, and 7 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays hourly trains will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market Slip, at 9, 1, 3:45, 5:45 and 7:30; fare 10 cents. je20 ly

C. CHARLEK, President.

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ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for California and South Pacific Coast, per United States steamer MOSES TAYLOR, will close at this office on Tuesday, the 5th day of July, at 1 o'clock P. M. j22 ly

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

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